The most Pleasant

HISTORY

OF

TOMALINCOLN

That Ever Renowned SOULDIER,

THE

Red-Rose Knight.

Printed by *H. F.* for *W. Thackery* at the Angel in *Duck Lane*, 1682.

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THE

Red-Rose Knight.

Who for his Valour and Chivalry, was Sir-Named the

BOAST of ENGLAND.

Shewing his Honourable Victories in Forraign Countries, with his strange Fortunes in the *Fairy Land*: And how he Married the fair *Anglitora*, Daughter to *Prester John*, that Renowned Monarch of the WORLD.

Together with the lives and deaths of his two Famous Sons, the *Black Knight*, and the *Fairy Knight*: with divers other memorable accidents full of delight.

The Twelveth Impression.

LONDON,
Printed by *H. Brugis* for *W. Thackery*, at the Angel in Duck-Lane, MDCLXXXII.

To the Right Worſhipful

SIMON VVORTEDGE,

Of Okenberry, *in the County of* Huntington Eſq;

Health, Happineſs, and Proſperity.

THe general report and conſideration (right Worſhipful) of your exceeding courteſie, and the great friendſhip which my Parents have heretofore found at the hands of your renowned Father, do imbolden me to preſent unto your VVorſhip theſe my unpoliſht labours; which if you ſhall vouchſafe to caſt a favorable glance upon, and therein find any part or parcel pleaſing to your vertuous mind, I ſhall eſteem my travel moſt highly Honored. The Hiſtory (I preſent) you ſhall find delightful, the matter not offenſive to any, only my skill in penning it very ſimple, and my preſumption great, in preſenting ſo rude a piece of work to ſo wiſe a Patron, which I hope your Worſhip will the more bear with, and account the rather to be pardonable, in that the fault proceedeth from a good meaning.

Your Worſhips devoted &
Poor Country-man, R. I.

The Pleasant HISTORY OF TOM A LINCOLN

The *Red-Rose Knight*; For his Valour and Chivalry Sir-named, The BOAST of ENGLAND.

CHAP. I.

How King *Arthur* loved the fair *Angelica*, the Earl of *London*'s Daughter; and likewise of the Birth of *Tom* of *Lincoln*.

WHEN as King Arthur wore the Emperial Diadem of England, he ordained the order of the Round Table, and selected many worthy Knights to attend his Majesty; of whose glistring renown many ancient Histories do record and witness to all ensuing ages.

This worthy Prince upon a time intending to visit the City of London, with some few number of his Knights, he came and feasted with Androgius, being at that time Earl of London; whose house was not only replenished with delicate fare, but graced with a number of beautiful Ladies; who gave such a pleasing entertainment to King Arthur and his Knights that they were ravished with pleasure, and quite forgot the sound of Martial Drums, that had wont to summon them forth to the fields of honour. Amongst these glorious troops of London Ladies, Angelica the Earls daughter had the chiefest praise for beauty and Courtly behaviour, whereby King Arthur was so intangled in the snares of love, that by no means he could withdraw his affections from her divine excellence. He that before delighted to tread a weary march after Bellonas Drums was now constrained to trace Cupids measures in Ladies Chambers, and could as well

strain the strings of a Lovers Lute, as sound a Souldiers alarm in the field: her beauty like the Adamant, drew his steeled heart to lodge in the closure of her breast, and no company delighted so much the Love-sick King, as the presence of fair Angelica. So upon a time as he stood looking out of his chamber window, he espyed the Mistris of his soul sitting in a Garden under a Bower of Vines prettily picking the ripest Grapes with her delicate hands, and took such pleasant pains in that Maiden-like exercise, that the well coloured blood in her face began to war warm and cheeks to obtain such an excellent beauty, that they seemed like two purple Roses intermixt with Haw-thorn buds, whereby King Arthur grew enamoured upon her, and stood for a time senceless through the extream passion he took in beholding her beauty: But at last recovering his sences, he spake to her in this manner:

Oh most Divine *Angelica*, thou excellent Ornament of Beauty thy Lovely face painted with a Crimson dye, Rosical checks surpassing Snow for whiteness, thy Decent neck like purest Ivory, hath like a Fowlers net intangled my yielding heart whereby it is for ever more imprisoned in thy breast: Oh that the golden tresses of thy dainty hair which shine like the Rubies, glittering in the Sun, had never twinkled before my ravisht eyes, then had my hart enjoyed his wonted liberty, and my fancy been free from Lovers vain imagination. Thus, and in such like manner, complained the King unto himself, seeking by all meanes possible to exclude Loves fire from his breast. But the more he strove to abandon it the more it increased, and seeling no policy might prevail, but that this burning torment must of force be quenched with her Celestial love, he descended from his Chamber, and went boldly into the Garden: where takeing Angelica by the hand, as she sat upon a bed of Violets, which as then grew under the Arbor, in this manner began to Court her:

Fair of all fairs, (said the King) Divine and Beautious Paragon, fair Flower of *London* know that since my abode in thy Fathers house, thy beauty hath so conquered my affections, and so bereaved me of my liberty, that unless thou vouchsafe to cool my ardent desires with a willing grant of thy love, I am like to dye a languishing death, and this Country *England* of force must lose him that hath filled her bounds with many triumphant Victories; therefore sweet *Angelica*, if thy

thy heart be ſo obdurate, that the tears of my true love may nothing molifie, yet take pitty on thy Country, that through thy cruelty ſhe loſe not her wonted glory, and be made unhappy, by the loſs of her Soveraign: thou ſeeſt, my divine *Angelica*, how I that have made Princes ſtoop and Kings to humble when I frown'd, do now ſubmiſſively yield my high honour to thy feet, either to be made happy by thy Love, or unhappy by thy hate; that in time to come children may either bleſs or curſe thee: Of theſe two conſider which thou wilt perform, either with cruelty to kill me, or with clemency to preſerve me.

This unexpected requeſt of the King, ſo amazed fair Angelica that her cheeks were ſtained with blushing ſhame, and like a baſhful Maiden, for a time ſtood ſilent, not knowing in what manner to anſwer him, conſidering he was the King of England, and ſhe but Daughter to an Earl: but at laſt when fear and ſhame had a while ſtrove together in her heart, ſhe replied in this ſort.

Moſt mighty King (ſaid ſhe) if your entertainment in my Fathers houſe hath been honorable, ſeek not the foul diſhonour of his daughter, nor proffer to blemiſh the bud of her virginity with the leaſt thought of your unchaſt deſires, the loſs of which ſweet Gem is a torment to my ſoule, more worſe then death. Conſider with your ſelf (moſt worthy Prince) the black ſcandal that it may bring unto your name and honor, having a Queen a moſt Vertuous and Loyal Princeſs Think upon the ſtain of your Marriage-bed, the wrongs of your wedded Peer, and laſting infamy of your own glory, for this I vow, before I will yield the conqueſt of my Virginity to the ſpoil of ſuch unchaſt deſires, I will ſuffer more torments then mans heart can imagine, (therefore moſt mighty Soverain) ceaſe your unreverend ſuit, for I will not loſe that matchleſs Jewel, for all the treaſure the large Ocean contains: And in ſpeaking theſe words ſhe departed thence, and left the love-ſick King in the Arbour, complaining to the empty Air, where after he had numbred many determinations together, this he purpoſed never to ceaſe his ſuit, till he had gained what his ſoul ſo much deſired: for continually at the break of day, would he always ſend to her Chamber window, the ſweeteſt muſick that could be deviſed thinking thereby to obtain her Love: Many times would he ſolicite her with rich gifts, and large promiſes, rather beſitting an Empreſs then the Daughter of an Earl, proffering ſuch kindneſs

that

that if she had a heart of Iron, yet could she not chuse but relent and requite his courtesies: for what is it that time will not accomplish, having the hand of a King set thereunto.

Twelve weary days King Arthur spent in woing of Angelica, before he could obtain his Hearts happiness, and his Soulscontent: at the end of which time she was pliant to his will. But now their secret meaning requiered a policy to keep their privy Loves both from King Arthurs Quæn, and from old Androgius, Angelicas Father; and that their secret joys might long time continue without mistrust of any party whatsoever; this device they contrive that Angelica should desire liberty of her Father, to spend the remain of her life in the service of Diana, like one that abandoned all earthly vanity, harbouring true Chastity and religious life So with a demure countenance and a sober grace, she went unto her Father, and obtained such leave at his hands that he willingly condescended that she should live as professed Nun, in a Monastery that the King before time had builded in the City of Lincoln: so furnished her forth with such necessaries as her state required he gave her his blessing and so committed her to Dianas service.

But now Angelica was no sooner placed in the Monastery, and chosen a Sister of that fellowship, but King *Arthur* many times visited her in so secret a manner, and so disguisedly, that no man suspected their pleasant meetings: But so long tasted they joys of Love, that in the end the Nun grew great-bellied, and now King *Arthurs* Countenance sealed in her womb, and at the end of forty weeks was delivered: where, in the presence of the Midwife, and one more, whom the King largely recompenced for their secrecy, she was made Mother of a goodly Son, whom King *Arthur* caused to be wrapped in a Mantle of green silk, tying a purse of Gold about his neck, and caused the Midwife to bear it into the field, and so lay it at a Shepherds gate, near adjoyning to the City, in hope the old man would foster it as his own: by which means his Angelicas dishonour might be kept secret from the World, and his own disgrace from the murmuring report of the vulgar people.

This his commandment was so speedily performed by the Midwife that the very next morning she stole that young Infant from his mothers keeping, and bore it secretly to the place appointed there laying

it

ſt down upon a turf of green Graſſe it ſeemed prettily to ſmile, turning his Chriſtial eyes up towards the Elements: This being done, the Mid-wife with-drew her ſelf ſome little diſtance from that place and hid her ſelf cloſely behind a well grown Oak, diligently marking what ſhould betide the comfortleſs Infant: But long ſhe had not there remained, but there flocked ſuch a number of little Birds about the young harmleſſe Babe, and made ſuch a chirping melody, that it fell into a ſilent ſlumber, and ſlept as ſweetly as though it had been laid in a bed of ſoftest Silk. By this time, the golden Sun began to gliſter on the Mountain top, at which time old Antonio approached out of his Gate with a cheerful countenance: whoſe Beard was as white as poliſhed ſilver: This bony Shepherd no ſooner eſpyed Angelica's ſweet Babe lying upon the Hillock, but immediatly he took it up and viewing it circumſpectly every part of the Rich Veſtments wherein it was wrapped, at laſt found out the Purſe of Gold which the King had tyed unto the Childs Neck, whereat the Shepherd ſo exceedingly rejoyced, that for the time he ſtood as a man raviſhed with pleaſure, and was not able to remove from the place where he ſtood: but yet at the laſt, thinking with himſelf that Heaven had ſent him that good Fortune, not only giving him Riches, but withal a Son, to be a comfort to him in his latter years: ſo bearing it in to his old Wife, and withal the Purſe of Gold, and the rich Mantle, with the other things: who, at the ſight thereof was as highly pleaſed as her Husband, when he found it firſt; ſo being both agreed to foſter and bring it up as their own; incontinently they cauſed it to be Chriſtned: and called by the name of Tom a Lincoln, a name moſt fitting for it, in that they knew not who were his true Parents.

But now we ſpeak again of the Midwife, that after ſhe had beheld how kindly old Antonio received the young Infant, ſhe returned back unto Angelica's Chamber, whom ſhe found bitterly lamenting the loſs of her tender Babe, thinking that ſome Fayry Nimph had ſtolne it away: but ſuch was the kind comfort which the ſmooth tongued Midwife gave her in that extremity, whereby her ſorrow ſeemed the leſs, and her miſtruſtful fear exchanged into ſmiling hope; yet neither would the King, nor the Midwife, at any time whatſoever, make known unto her what was become of her little Son, but driving her off with delays and fond excuſes, leſt having intelligence of his abode, ſhe

should go visit him, and so discover their Loves Practises.

Thus lived the most fair Angelica many days in great grief, within his return, and desiring Heaven that the Destinies might be so favourable, that once again before the fatal Sisters had finished her Life, she might behold her Infants face; for whose presence her soul thirsted.

Here will we leave the solitary Lady comfortless, and without company (except it were the King, that sometimes visited her by stealth) and report what hapned to Tom a Lincoln in the Shepherds House.

CHAP. II.

Of the manner of *Tom a Lincolns* bringing up, and how he first came to be called the *Red-Rose Knight*, with other things that hapned to him.

GReat was the wealth that old Antonio gathered together by means of the Treasure he found about the Infants attire, whereby he became the richest in all that Country, and purchased Lands and Livings, that his supposed Son was deemed a fit Match for a Knights Daughter: yet for all this, his bringing up was but mean, and in a homely sort: for after he had passed ten years of his Age he was set to keep Antonio's Sheep, and to follow Husbandry, whereby he grew strong and hardy, yet notwithstanding was of honest and vertuous Conditions, well Featured, Valiant, Active, Quick and Nimble, Sharp-witted, and of a ripe Judgment; he was valiant, and of an invincible Courage, so that it seemed he was vowed to Mars and Martial Exploits: For though he obscurely lived in a Country Cottage, yet had he a Superior mind, aiming at State and Majesty, bearing in his breast the Princely thoughts of his Father. For on a time keeping Cattel in the Field among other young men of his age and condition, he was chosen by them for their Lord, or Knight, and they to attend on him like dutiful Servants; and although this their Election was but in play, yet he whole spirits were ravished with great and high matters, first procured them to swear to him Loyalty in all things, and to obey him as a King, where or when it should please him in any matter to command them, to

which

which they all moſt willingly condeſcended. Thus after they had ſolemnly taken their Oaths, he perſwaded them to leave that baſe and ſervile kind of life, ſeeking to ſerve in War, and to follow him being their General: the which through perſwaſion they did, and ſo leaving their Cattel to their Fathers and Maſters, they aſſembled all together, to the full number of a hundred at the leaſt; unto whom he gave Red Roſes to be worn for colours in their Hats, and commanded them ever after he ſhould be called the Red Roſe Knight. So departed he with his followers unto Barnſdale Heath, where they pitched up Tents and lived a long time upon the Robberies and Spoyls of Paſſengers, inſomuch that the whole Country was moleſted by them.

This diſordered life ſo highly diſpleaſed the Parents of theſe unruly Outlaws that many of them dyed with Grief; but eſpecially of all other, old Antonio took it in ill part, conſidering how dearly he loved him, and how tenderly he had brought him up from his Infancy: therefore he purpoſed to practiſe a means to call him from that unchril kind of life, if it might poſſible be brought to paſs: ſo in his old days undertaking this task, he travelled towards Barnſdale Heath, into which being no ſooner entred, but ſome of the ruder ſort of theſe Outlaws ſeized upon the old man, and without any further Violence, brought him before their Lord and Captian: who at the firſt ſight knew him to be his Father (as he thought) and therefore uſed him moſt kindly, giving him the beſt entertainment that he could deviſe: where, after they had ſome ſmall time conferred together, the good old man brake out into theſe ſpeeches.

Oh thou degenerate (quoth he) from Natures kind; Is this thy duty to thy Fathers age, thus diſobediently to live, wounding thy natural Country with unla-ful ſpoyles? Is this the comfort of mine age? is this thy love unto thy Parents, whoſe tender care hath been ever to advance thy eſtate? Canſt thou behold theſe Milk-white Hairs of mine to be rent and torn, which I have violently martyred in thy abſence? Canſt thou indure to ſee my dimn eyes, almoſt ſightleſs through age, to drop down Tears at thy diſobedient feet? Oh! wherefore haſt thou infringed the Laws of Nature, thus cruelly to kill thy Fathers heart with grief and to end his days by thy vicious life? Return, return dear Child, baniſh from thy breaſt theſe baſe actions; that I may ſay I have a virtuous Son; and be not like the viperous brood, that works

the unkimely death of their Parents. And ſpeaking theſe words, griefe ſo exceeded the bounds of Reaſon, that he ſtood ſilent, and beginning again to ſpeak, tears trickled from his eyes in ſuch abundance, that they ſtaped the paſſage of his ſpeech, the which being perceived by the Red-roſe Knight, he humbly fell upon his knees, and in this ſort ſpake unto good Antonio.

My dear and reverend Father, if my offence do ſeem odious in your eyes, that I deſerve no forgiveneſs, then here behold now your poor inglorious Son laying his breaſt open, ready to receive death's remorſleſs ſtroke from your aged hands, as a due puniſhment for this my diſobedient crime: but to be reclaimed from this honourable kind of life (I count it honourable, becauſe it taſteth of man-hood) firſt ſhall the Sun bring day from out of the Weſtern Heavens, and the ſilver Moon lodge her brightneſs in the Eaſtern Waves, and all things elſe againſt both kind and nature turn their wonted courſe.

Well then (quoth Antonio) if thy Reſolution be ſuch, that neither my bitter Tears, nor my fair Intreaties may prevail to withdraw thy vain folly, then know (thou moſt ungracious Impe) that thou art no Son of mine, but ſprung from the Bowels of ſome untamed Tyger, or wild Lioneſs, elſe wouldeſt thou humbly ſubmit thy ſelf to my reverent perſwaſions: from whence thou cameſt I know not, but ſure thy breaſt harbours the Tyranny of ſome Monſtrous Tyrant; from whoſe Loyns thou art naturally deſcended. Thou art no fruit of my body, for I found thee (in thy Infancy) lying in the fields, caſt out as a Prey for ravening Fowles, ready to be devoured by hunger ſtarved Dogs: but ſuch was my pitty towards thee, that I took thee up, and ever ſince have foſtred thee as mine own Child: but now ſuch is thy unbridled folly, that my kind courteſie is requited with extream ingratitude, which ſin, above all others, the immortal powers of Heaven do condemn, and the very Devils themſelves do hate: therefore like a Serpent, henceforth will I ſpit at thee, and never ceaſe to make inceſſant Prayers to the juſtiful Heavens, to revenge this thy monſtrous diſobedience.

Theſe words being ended, he gave ſuch an extream ſigh, that his very heart broke with griefe, and he immediately died in the preſence of the Red-roſe Knight: For whoſe death he made more ſorrowful Lamentation, then Niobe did for her ſeven Sons. But in recompence

of

of old Antonio's kind love, that preſerv'd his Infancy from the Fury of the ravenous Fowls, he intombed him moſt ſtately in the City of Lincoln, whoſe body he ſent thither by certain Paſſengers whom he had taken, and withal, a thouſand pounds in treaſures, to be beſtowed upon a great Bell to be rung at his Funeral, which Bell he cauſed to be called Tom a Lincoln, after his own Name, where to this day it remaineth in the ſame City: theſe Paſſengers (being as then rich Merchants of London,) having received the dead body of old Antonio, and withal the treaſure, went with all ſpeed unto Lincoln, and performed every thing as the Red-roſe Knight had appointed.

The death of this good old man not only cauſed a general ſorrow through the City, but ſtrook ſuch an extream grief to old Antonio's wife, that ſhe within few days yielded her life to the remorſeleſs ſtroke of the frowning Deſtinies, and was buried in the ſame Grave where her Husband was intombed: whoſe deaths we will now leave to be mourned by their deareſt friends, and likewiſe for brevities ſake paſs over many Stratagems which were accompliſhed by the Red-Roſe Knight and his followers upon Barnſdale Heath, and return to King Arthur and his Knights, flouriſhing in the Engliſh Court.

CHAP. III.

Of the Conqueſt of *Portugal* by the *Red-Roſe Knight*, and how he was the firſt that ever Triumphed in the City of *London*.

The report of Tom a Lincoln's practiſes grew ſo general amongſt the vulgar ſort of people, that at laſt it came to King Arthur's Ears; who imagined in his Princely mind, that he was ſprung of his blood, and that he carried lofty thoughts of honour planted in his breaſt, though ſhrouded under a Country life: He purpoſed to have him reſident in Court with him, that he might daily ſee his ſparks of honour ſhew their reſplendent brightneſs, yet in ſuch obſcurity, that he ſhould not know the ſmalleſt motion of his Parentage: therefore he called three of his approved Knights, namely Lancelot du Lake, Sir Triſtram, and Sir Triamore, and gave them in charge, if it were poſſible, to fetch the Red-roſe Knight unto his Court, of whoſe adventerous Exploits he hath heard ſo many times reported: and withal, he gave them general pardon, ſealed with his privy Seal for him and all his lawleſs followers.

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This Commission being received by the three worthy Knights, they with all speed armed themselves in rich Corselets, and strong habiliments of War, and so rode towards Barnsdale Heath: where being no sooner come, and delivered their Message from the King, but the Red-rose Knight gave them an honourable welcome, and for three days most Royally feasted them under large Canvas Tents, wherein they slept as securely, as if they had been in King Arthurs Court, or in a strong Castle of War.

After this Tom a Lincoln selected out an hundred of his resolute Followers, such as he liked of, and came with Sir Lancelot, and the rest of the English Court, where King Arthur not only gave him a friendly Entertainment, but also installed him one of the Knights of the Round Table: and withal, proclaimed a solemn Turnament, that should be holden in the honour of this new made Knight: to which Turnament, assembled from other Countries many Princes, Barons, and Knights of high honour, which behaved themselves most nobly, and won great commendations of every beholder: but especially the Red-rose Knight, who for that day stood as Champion against all comers: in that Turnament, or first days deed of his Knighthood, where only by his valour and prowess he overthrew three Kings, and thirty other Knights, whereby he obtained such grace in the English Court, that he had by the King a pair of golden Spurs put upon his feet, and was accounted one of the bravest Knights that lived in the whole world.

But now mark how frowning fortune ended their Triumphs with unlucky news: for the same day before the Knights unbuckled their Armours, there arrived a Messenger, who certified King Arthur how his Emballador was unjustly put to death in the Portugale Court, for whose death King Arthur grew so inraged, that he swore by the honour of his bright Renown, and by the golden Spur of true Knighthood, the Portugales should repent that inhumane violence, with the death of many thousand guiltless souls; and that Babes unborn should have cause to curse the first contriver of that unjust murder: therefore with all speed he mustred up a mighty Army of Souldiers, and appointed the Red rose Knight as chief General over the Army mustred for Portugale: In which service he accomplished so many famous exploits, that he was for ever after Sirnamed, The

Bold

Boaſt of England. For he ſo circumſpectly ordered his Captains, that in his Camp was never any brawle or Mutiny, he was very courteous and liberal, doing honour to all men according to their deſerts. And (to be briefe) his Camp reſembled one of the greateſt Cities in the world, for all kind of Officers were there found in Order: and alſo a great number of Merchants to furniſh it with all manner of neceſſaries. He in no caſe permitted any Robberies, private Fighting, force, or violence: but with ſeverity puniſhed thoſe that were therein found guilty. His deſire was, that his Souldiers ſhould glory in nothing ſo much as in Martial Proweſſe, vertue, and wisdom. He evermore gave them their pay without either fraud or deceit, by which means his fame and honour grew ſo renowned, that his Army daily increaſed more and more: For when he firſt arrived upon the confines of Portugal, his Camp grew to be as great as ever was Ceſars, when he conquered the Weſtern world. So fortunate were his proceedings that he made a great part of the Provinces of Portugal deſolate, as the Portugal King had gathered together a marvellous number of Souldiers, both old, and of much experience, by reaſon of the continuall Wars that they had with the Turkiſh Nation, adjoyning near unto them. But when the Portugal King had ſet his Army in a readineſs, and ſo marched forward to meet the Red-roſe Knight, and his warlike followers, which at that time had pitched his Camp in a large Champion plain, adjoyning neer unto the City of Lisbourr, where as both theſe Armies met: and ſetting them in order (as it became good Captains) there they began in the break of the day, the moſt cruel and terribleſt that ever was heard of, or fought in that age.

In great danger continued this fight, till the Sun began to ſet, with marvellous ſlaughter on both ſides, yet remained the victory doubtful, declining neither to the Portugals, nor yet to the Engliſh, but at laſt, though long, the Portugals began to faint and flie, more indeed oppreſt with the multitude, then for any fear they received in the Battel: for the moſt part of them dyed manfully in the field, ſome taken Priſoners, and the reſt fled for their better ſafety: but now the Portugal King perceiving his Souldiers begin to flie, with courage he ſought to withdraw them from flight, reſiſted in perſon valiantly the furious rage of the enemy; but in that enterpriſe he gained ſuch and ſo many knocks, that at laſt he was unhorſed, and for want of re-

rescue, was forced to yield himself as Prisoner: whereat the whole Army of the Portugals were discomfited, and the victory fell to the English men: the which being obtained, the Red-rose Knight with his Army entred into the City of Lisborn, where the common Souldiers were inriched with wealthy spoils, and the Kings Palace ransacked by the Red rose Knight: where he took such Prisoners as him best liked, and the rest (like an honourable Souldier) he set at liberty, commanding that no violence should be proffered any way.

After this, setting his Army in a readiness, he marched towards England, where after some few days travel he arrived with all his Host in the Western part of Devonshire, and marching towards London, where against his coming the Citizens with the Inhabitants of other Villages near adioyning, were that day seen in their most sumptuous and rich attire; every one of them endeavouring to place himself in some Gallery or Window, that the better, and with more ease they might behold the triumphant return of the Red-rose Knight. All the Churches in London were on every side set open, hanged round about with most costly furniture, the streets were also most gorgeously beset with green boughs, and strowed with perfumes of no small value: and for the infinite multitude of people that were seen in the City, there were appointed a hundred Whifflers most richly attired, to keep the streets plain and open, whereby the triumphs might have the easier passage.

The first day hardly sufficed in good order to bring in the Banners, Standards, and Ensignes of the Conqueror, the golden Images, and Tables of price which were all brought in on Carts very curiously painted and trimmed.

On the second day came in the Armour of the conquered King, as also of all the other Portugal Lords. After these, entred three thousand men in order bearing nothing but money or only to be seen, and that in huge Platters, and Vessels of Silver, of which were three hundred and fifty in number, and four of our men allotted to every Vessel: the other brought in most artificial Tapistry works beautified with Gold and Silver. And thus was the second days triumph ended in most pompous solemnity.

Upon the third day an infinite number of Flutes, Drums, and Trumpets, with other like Martial and Warlike instruments, sound-

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ing, not after a moſt pleaſant and ſweet manner, but in moſt terrible ſort as it was poſſible to be done, even in ſuch order as they do when they preſently joyn Battel. And after them came and hundred and twenty Kine, all white, having their Horns curiouſly guilded with gold, their bodies covered with vails, (which they accounted moſt ſacred and holy) bearing alſo Garlands of flowers upon their heads, driven by certain young Gentlemen, no leſs well-favoured then gorgeouſly attired. After theſe followed the Coach of the conquered King of Portugal, with his own Armour laid thereon, openly to be ſeen of all men; his Crown and Royal Scepter was laid in ſeemly order upon his Armour. After his Coach came all the multitude and train of Priſoners on Foot, and after them followed a great Troop of his ſervants and officers, as Maſters of his Houſhould, Secretaries, Ushers, Controllers, Chamberlains, with other Gentlemen of Court, all in a moſt ſorrowful manner, ſeeing themſelves brought into ſuch extremity and ſervitude, that they moved to compaſſion all ſuch as beheld them. Of the Kings Children, there were two Sons, and one Girl, of age ſo young and tender, that they had ſmall underſtanding of their misfortune and miſery.

After theſe, followed one which carried certain precious ſtones, that had been preſented to the Red-roſe Knight, from ſome ancient Cities in Portugal, who immediately followed in perſon triumphantly in his Ivory Chariot, apparelled in Veſtures of Purple Riſſue, having a Lawrel bough in his hand, and a Crown of the ſame upon his head: after him followed his own Souldiers, both Foot-men and Horſe-men all marching in moſt decent order, armed with rich Furniture, holding alſo each of them a Lawrel-bough in his hand, their Enſigns and Banners Souldier-like, being diſplayed, ſounding Martial melody, in honour of their triumphant Captain, with many other like Preſidents moſt royal and magnificent.

Thus in this gallant order marched they unto the Kings Chappel, where in the preſence of the King and his Lords, which came to honour and grace their Triumphs, they gave thanks to God for their ſucceſsful Victory; and after ſolemn ſervice was ended, they departed to King *Arthur's* Court, where every one, as well ſtrangers as others, were moſt Royally feaſted.

The Portugal King facing his kind entertainment in the Engliſh

Court, where he was used more like a friend then an Enemy, but small care to return home, but frolicked many a day amongst the English Lords: But so great were the courtesies that the Noble King Arthur bestowed upon the Portugals, requited them liberally with honour, and not only sent them home ransomeless, but promised to lend them aid and succour from England, if occasion required: so bearing them company to the Sea-side, he most friendly committed them to the mercy of the Winds and Waves which were so favourable, that in short time they arrived safe in their own Country, where many a day after they remembred the honourable kindness of the English men, and caused the Chronicles of Portugal to record the Renown of King *Arthur* and the Knights of the Round Table.

CHAP. IV.

How the *Red-rose Knight* travelled from the King of *England*'s Court, and how he Arrived in the *Fairy-Land*, where he was entertained by a Maiden Queen; and what hapned to him in the same Country.

NOw after the Portugals were thus conquered, and sent home with great honour, the English King and his Lords, rested themselves many a day in the Bowers of peace, leaving their Armour rusting, and their pampered Steeds standing in their Stables, forgetting their usual manner of Wrathful War; which idle ease greatly discontented the magnanimous Red-rose Knight, who thought it a stain to his passed glory, and a scandal to his Princely mind to entertain such base thoughts: and considering with himself how ignorant he was of his Parents, and from whence he was descended he could not imagine, therefore he purposed to begin a new enterprise, and to travel up and down the world till he had either found his Father and Mother, or else yielded his life to natures course in that pretended Journey: so going to the King, full little thinking that he was sprung from so noble a stock, craving at his Graces hands to grant him liberty for to try his Knighthood in Forreign Countries, whereas yet did never English-man make his adventure, and so to eternize his Name to all posterity, rather then to spend his life in such home-bred practises.

To this his honourable request, the King (though loath to forgo his

his company) he gave him leave, and furnished him a Ship at his own proper cost and charge, giving free licence to all Knights whatsoever, to bear him company; amongst which number, Sir Lancelot du Lake was the chiefest that proffered himself to that Voyage, who professed such love to the Red-rose Knight, that they plighed their Faiths like sworn Brothers, and to live and dye together in all extremities.

So these two English Knights, with the number of a hundred more, all resolute Gentlemen, took leave of the King, and with all speed went on Ship-board; wherein being no sooner entred, but the Pilot hoised Sail, and disanchored, and so committed their lives and Fortunes to the pleasure of Neptune's mercy, and the winds so violently troubled the swelling Waves, that every minute they were in danger to end their lives in the bottom of the Seas.

Three months the wind and the water strove together for supremacy, during which time they saw no Land, but were driven up and down to what place the ever-changed Destinies listed, so at last they sailed beyond the Sun, directed only by the light of the Stars, not knowing which way to travel towards Land; but in such extremity for want of Victual, that they were forced to land at a certain Island in the Western parts of the World, inhabited only by women; where being no sooner on Land, and giving God Almighty thanks for delivering them from that mortal peril which they had now past, but the Red-rose Knight casting up his eyes towards the higher parts of the Country, espyed more then two thousand women coming forth of a City gate, all most richly armed with Breast-plates of silver, marching in trim array, like an Army of well approved Souldiers, the which number coming nær to the Sea-side, they sent two of their Damsels as Messengers to the English Knights, willing them as they loved their lives, presently to retire again back to the Seas, for that was no Country for their abode. But when the couragious and valiant Red-rose Knight of England had understood and heard the bold Message of the two Damsels, he was abashed, considering the number of Armed Women he saw before him and the great danger he had suffered before on the Sea for want of Victuals and other necessaries, that he knew not in what manner he was best to answer them, but having a good courage, and would not be daunted by a woman, he at

laſt turned them this anſwer, and ſpake to the two Damſels in this ſort,

Right Noble Ladies, I have well underſtood your ſpeeches, therefore I deſire you to ſhew ſuch favour unto wandring Travellers, as to tell us what Country Fortune hath brought us to, and for what cauſe we are commanded by you to return unto the Sea.

Surely, Sir Knight, (anſwered one of the Damſels) this Country whereon you are arrived, it is not very big, but yet moſt fertile and commodious, and it is called by the name of the *Fairy Land*: And now to ſhew you the cauſe why you are commanded to return, this it is. Not many years ago there reigned in this Country a King which had to name *Larmos*, for wiſdom and proweſs not his equal to be found in any of theſe parts of the World: This King had ſuch continual War with the bordering Iſlanders, that upon a time he was conſtrained to Muſter for the ſame War, all the men, both old and young which were found in his Kingdom, whereby the whole Country was left deſtitute of men, to the great diſcontentment of the Ladies and Damſels that there inhabited; whereupon they finding themſelves together, with the Daughter of King *Larmos*, which is called *Celia*, no leſs in beauty, then in vertue and wiſdom: Theſe Ladies and Damſels being gathered together, with a general conſent diſpatched certain Meſſengers to the King, and to their Husbands, willing them to return unto their Country, and not to leave their wives and children in ſuch extremity, without the comfort or company of Man, Upon which the King anſwered, that he had beſieged his Enemies in their Towns of War, and before one man ſhould return home till he came with Conqueſt, his Country ſhould be loſt, and made deſolate, and the Women given over to the ſpoil of his Enemies: Which Anſwer when the Ladies had received, they took it in evil part, that they conſpired againſt their King, and Husbands, and put to death all the men children that were in the Country: and after determined, when their Husbands, Fathers, and Friends returned, from War, that they ſhould the firſt night of their coming be ſlain ſleeping in their beds, and that never after they ſhould ſuffer man to enter into their Country. After this concluſion, they Crowned *Celia* the Kings Daughter for their Queen; and ſo afterwards, when the King and his Army returned from the Wars, this bloody murder practiſed, and not a man left alive, but only

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the King reſerved, whom *Celia* would by no means againſt Nature murther: but yet notwithſtanding, ſhe delivered him into the hands of her chiefeſt Ladies, which put him into a Boat, and ſo ſent him to Sea to ſeek his Fortune: Therefore moſt Noble Knight, this is the cauſe why you may not enter into our Country, which if you do, and not preſently withdraw your ſelves unto the Sea, the Ladies will ſuddenly give you a marvellous Battel.

Now by the ever living God, which Engliſh men adore, (ſaid the Noble Red-roſe Knight) ſuch extremity have we ſuffered at Sea, that we are all like to periſh and dye with hunger, unleſs we find ſome ſuccour at your hands, and before we will end our lives with Famine, we will enter Battel with thoſe Ladies, and ſo dye with honour in the field, yet this kindneſs we do humbly deſire at your hands; to return unto your Queen, and certifie her of our poor eſtate, and neceſſity, and that we altogether inſtantly deſire her, that if there be any ſpark of Vertue or Nobility, harboured in her breaſt, that ſhe will have pitty upon us, & ſuffer us not to end our lives by ſuch an unhappy kind of death.

With this requeſt the two Ladies returned to the Queen, and recounted word to word the humble ſuit of the Red-roſe Knight, and what extreamity they were in: which when the Queen underſtood that they were Knights of England, ſhe demanded what manner of people they were, and of what condition: Surely Madam (anſwered one of the two Damſels) I never in all my life ſaw more goodly men, nor better ſpoken, and it is to be ſuppoſed they be the choiſe of all humane people, and with courteous demeanours are able to draw the mercileſs and ſavage Nation to affect them.

The Queen hearing the Damſels ſo highly commend the Engliſh Knights, thinking alſo upon their requeſt, began (in mind) to have pitty upon their miſadventures, and ſo inſtantly ſent for them, and gave them free liberty to make their abode in her Country: ſo coming before the Queen and her Ladies, they ſaluted each other moſt courteouſly, and with great reverence: but when the vertuous Queen beheld this noble company before her, ſhe delivered to a hundred of her Ladies, the hundred Engliſh Knights, and reſerved the Princely Red-roſe Knight unto her ſelf; and ſo were they brought to the Queens Palace, where every Lady feaſted her Knight in moſt gallant ſort, and to their hearts content. But now when the Queen had

had the Red rose Knight in her Chamber, and had beheld the exceeding beauty of the Noble Prince, she took him by the hand and led him into one of her Chambers, where she shewed him her riches and treasure, and spake unto him in this manner.

Most Noble and Valiant English-man, these riches be all at thy commandment, and also my body, which here I offer up as a gift and present to thy divine excellency: and furthermore, there is nothing of value which I am Mistriss of, but shall be at thy disposing to the intent that my love may be acceptable to thy gracious eyes. But when the Red-rose Knight perceived to what intent she spake these words, in this manner answered her, saying;

Most dear Princess, and fair Queen of this Maiden Country, I give you right humble thanks for these your courtesies, & by no means possible may I deserve this high honour you have graced me with.

Oh great Knight (replyed then the Queen) the smallest thought of your honourable mind, is sufficient to recompence the uttermost of my deserts: yet let me request this one thing at your noble hands that never asked the like favour of any one before, for she that never knew the least motion of love, is now pricked with a hundred torments; and unless you quench the ardent affection wherewith my heart is fired with pleasant hopes of some comfortabe smiles, I am like to dye desperate, and then the world will accuse you of cruelty, in murdering a constant Lady; but if it shall please you to grant me love, and to Espouse me according to Hymens holy Rites, here shall you rule sole King, and be Lord of all this Country.

By right dear Lady, (answered then the Red-rose Knight) you have done such pleasure to me, and my distressed followers, in preserving us from Famine, as I shall never requite it, though I should spend all the rest of my life in your service. And know, there is no adventure so dangerous, yet at your command would I practise to accomplish it: yet for to tye my self in Wedlocks bonds, there is no woman in the woman in the world shall procure me: for until I have finished my adventure which in my heart I have vowed, I will not link my affection to any Lady in the world. But think not (Madam) that I refuse your love through disdain, for I swear by the dignity King Arthur grac'd me with, I should think my self most fortunate if I had so fair and Noble a Lady as your divine self.

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Moſt worthy Knight (then anſwered the Queen) I imagine that the Gods have ſent you into this Country for two cauſes principally. The firſt is, that you and your followers ſhould be preſerved from death by my means. The ſecond is, that you ſhould inhabit in this Country, leſt it ſhould in a ſhort time be left as a deſert Wilderneſs; for it is inhabited only by women, without a King, and have no other Governour but me, which am their chief Princeſs, and for ſo much as I have ſuccoured you, ſo ſuccour you this deſolate City, that it may be repeopled with your Seed; and in ſo doing you ſhall accompliſh a vertuous deed, and win to your names an eternal memory to all enſuing ages.

I confeſs (quoth the Red-roſe Knight) that you and your Ladies have ſuccoured me and my followers in our great neceſſity; and in recompence of creof, we will imploy all our endeavours to the repeopling again of this Country; but in regard of the ſecret vow my heart hath made I will not yield my ſelf to your deſires, for if I ſhould infringe my Oath, mine honour were greatly impaired; and before I would commit that diſhonourable fact, I would ſuffer the greateſt torment that mans heart can imagine.

Incontinently, when the love-ſick Queen heard this anſwer of the Engliſh Knight, and perceived that he was firm in his purpoſe, ſhe took leave of him, and departed for that time: The Red-roſe Knight likewiſe withdrew himſelf into his Chamber, pondring in his mind a thouſand imaginations. But ſhe for her part was ſo troubled in mind and ſo wounded with the darts of blind Cupid, that when the miſty darkneſs of the night had covered the earth, ſhe laid her down upon her Bed, where betwixt ſhame and her heart, began a terrible battel, her heart was encouraged, that ſhe ſhould go and lye with him: but ſhame began to blush, and withſtood that perſwaſion: but at laſt the heart was Conqueror, and ſhame vanquiſhed and put to flight, in ſuch ſort that the fair Queen aroſe from her bed, and went and laid her down by her beloved Knight, where he ſlept: and being in bed, ſhe began fearfully to tremble, for ſhame ſtill followed her unlawful practiſes: where after her quivering heart began a little to be qualified, with her trembling hand ſhe awaked him, and after ſpake in this manner:

My moſt dear and affectionate Friend: though like a careleſs wretch

wretch I come unto thee apparelled with ſhame, yet let my true love colour this my infamous preſumption: for your Princely perſon and Kingly demeanours, like Adamants have drawn my ſteeled heart to commit this ſhameful act; yet let not my fervent affection be requited with diſdain: and although you will not conſent to be my wedded Lord and Husband, yet let me be thy love and ſecret friend, that a poor diſtreſſed Queen may think her ſelf happy in an Engliſh-mans love.

When the Noble Knight heard the fair Celias voice, and felt her by his ſide all naked, he was ſore abaſhed, that he will not what to do but yet at laſt having the nature and courage of a man, he turned to her, uſing many amorous ſpeeches, embracing and kiſſing each other in ſuch manner, that fair Celia was conceived with Child, and was ſed great of a right fair Son, of whom ſhe was in proceſſe of time ſafely delivered, as you ſhall hear diſcourſed at large in the following hiſtory,

But to be ſhort, during the ſpace of four months, the Fairy Ladies lay with the Engliſh Knights, many of them were conceived with their ſeed, in ſuch ſort, that the Countrey was afterward re-peopled with Male-children, and what hapned to them in the mean ſeaſon, I will paſs over for this time: for the days & nights that he & the reſt paſs on their courſe: in which time their Ship was replenished with all neceſſaries: and the Red Roſe Knight ſummoned together Sir Lancelot, & the reſt, and being aſſembled he ſaid unto them:

My good friends and countrey-men, you know that long time we have ſojourned in this Country, ſpending our days in idle paſtimes, to the reproach of our former glories: now my intent is, within theſe three days to depart this Countrey, therefore let every man make himſelf in readineſs: for there is no greater diſhonour to adventurous Knights, then to ſpend their days in Ladies boſoms.

When Sir Lancelot and the other Engliſh Gentlemen heard the forward diſpoſition of the Red-Roſe Knight, they were exceeding joyful and anſwered him, that with great willingneſſe they would all be ready at the time appointed.

But now when the Fairy Ladies perceived the preparations that the Engliſh Knights made for their departure, they grew exceeding ſorrowful, and complained one to another in a moſt grievous manner:

ner: but amongſt the reſt, the Queen was moſt diſpleaſed, who with a ſorrowful and ſad heart came unto the Red-roſe Knight, and in this manner complained to him:

Alas, alas my dear Lord, have you that tyrannous heart, to withdraw your ſelf from me, and forſake me before you ſee the fruit of your noble perſon, which is nouriſhed with my blood Dear Knight behold with pity my womb the Chamber & Manſion of your blood. Oh let that be a means to ſtay you, that my Child as yet unborn, be not fatherleſs by your departure. And in ſpeaking theſe words, ſhe began to weep and ſigh bitterly, and after to whiſper ſecretly to her ſelf in this order.

O ye immortal Heavens! how may mine eyes behold the departure of my joy? for being gone, all comfort in the world will forſake me; and all conſolation flie from me, and contrariwiſe, all ſorrow will purſue me, and all misfortune come againſt me. O what a ſorrow will it be to my ſoul, to ſee thee floating on the dangerous Seas, where every minute perils do ariſe ready to whelm thee in the bottomleſs Ocean: and being once exempted thy ſight, my heart for evermore will lie in the bed of tribulation, under the coverture of mortal diſtreſs, and between the ſheets of eternal bewailings: yet if there be no Remedy, but that thou wilt needs depart, ſwear unto me, that if thou doſt accompliſh thy pretended Voyage, what it is I know not, that thou wilt return again to this Country, to tell me of thy happy Fortunes, and that mine eyes may once more behold thy lovely countenance, which is as delectable to my ſoul, as the joys of Paradiſe.

When the Noble Engliſh Knight underſtood that the Queen condeſcended to his departure, upon condition of his return, to which he ſolemnly proteſted, if the gods gave him life and good fortune, to perform her requeſt: whereby the Fairy Queen was ſomewhat recomforted: and having great hope of the return of her dear love, ſhe ceaſed her lamentations. And now to abridge the ſtory, the time came that the valiant Engliſhmen ſhould go on ſhip-board: upon which day the Red roſe Knight and his followers took leave of the noble Queen and her Ladies, thanking them for their kind entertainments, and ſo went to the Port of the Sea, where they entred their ſhips, and ſo departed from the Fairy Land: after this, when Celia had born her

Babe in her Womb full forty weeks, she was delivered of a fair Son who came afterwards to be called the Fairy Knight; which for this time we will not touch, but refer it to the second part of this History.

CHAP. V.

What happened to the English Knights, after their departure from the *Fairy Land*.

WIth a prosperous wind sailed these English Knights, many a League from the Fairy Land, to their great content and hearts desire: so upon a day when the Sun shone clear, and a gentle calm wind caused the Seas to lye as smooth as Christal Ice, the Red-rose Knight requested Sir Lancelot to drive away the time with some Courtly discourse, whereby they might not think their Voyage over-long. Therefore requesting the Red rose Knight and the other English Gentlemen to sit down and listen to the Tale that followeth.

The Pleasant History that Sir *Lancelot du Lake* told to the *Red-rose Knight*, being on ship-board.

AT that time of the year, when the Birds had nipt away the tawny leaves, and Flora with her pleasant flowers had inriched the earth, and incloathed Trees, Herbs, and Flowers with Natures Tapestry, when the golden Sun with his glistering Beams did glad mens hearts, and every Leaf as it were, did bear the form of love, by nature painted upon it: This blessed time did cause the Grecian Emperour to proclaim a solemn Turnament to be holden in his Court, which as then was replenished with many worthy and valiant Knights: but his desire chiefly was, to behold his Princely son Valentine, to try his valour in the Turnament.

Many were the Ladies that repaired thither, to behold the worthy Triumphs of this young Prince: amongst which number came the beautiful Dulcipha, a Maiden which as then waited upon the Empress, being Daughter to a Countrey Gentleman. This Dulcipha, like *Apollo's* flower, being the fairest Virgin in that Company, had so firmly settled her love upon the Emperors Son, that it was impossible to expel it from her heart: Likewise his affection was no less in fervency then hers: so that there was a just equality in their loves and liking, though a difference in their Births and Callings.

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This Princely Valentine (for so was the Emperors Son called) entred the lists in costly Armour, most richly wrought with Orient Pearls, his Crest incompassed with Saphire Stones, and in his hand a sturdy Launce. Thus mounted upon a Milk-white Steed, he vaunted for himself to try his warlike force: and in prauncing up and down he many times (through his Bever) stole a view of his fair Dulcippa's face: at which time there kindled in his breast two sundry Lamps, the one was to win the honour of the day; the other to obtain the love of his Mistris. On the other side, Dulcippa did nothing but report the valiant Acts of his Prowess and Chivalry, in such sort, that there was no other talk amongst the Ladies, but of Valentine's honourable attempts.

No sooner was the Turnaments ended, and his love begun, but Dulcippa departed to her lodging, where sighs did serve as Bellows to kindle loves fire. Valentine in like manner, being wounded to death, still roamed up and down to find a salve for his stanchless thirst: so seeks Dulcippa to recover her self to her former liberty: for she being both beloved and in love, knew not the means to comfort her self. Sometimes she did exclaim against her wandring eyes, and wished they had been blind when first they gazed upon the beauty of Princely Valentine: sometimes in Visions she beheld his face cheerful, smiling upon her countenance; and presently again, she thought she saw his Martial hands bathed all in purple blood staining her love and former courtesies. With that she started from her dreaming passion, wringing her tender hands, till floods of silver dropping tears trickled down her face, her golden hairs that had wont to be bound up in threads of gold, hung dangling down about her Ivory neck; the which in most outrageous sort she rent and tore, till that her Hair, which before look'd like burnished gold, was died now in purple and vermillion blood. In this strange passion remained this distressed Lady, till the golden Sun had three times lodged in the Western Seas, and the silver Moon her shining face in the Palace of the Christal Clouds. At this time a heavy slumber possessed all her senses; for she, whose eyes before in three days, and as many nights had not shut up their closets, was now locked up in silent sleep, lest her heart over-burthened with grief by some untimely manner should destroy it self.

But now return we to the worthy Valentine, who sought not to

pine in passion, but to court it with the best, considering with himself, that a faint heart never gained a fair Lady: therefore he purposed boldly to discover his love unto the fair Dulcippa, building upon a fortunate success, considering that she was but Daughter to a Gentleman, and he a Prince born: so attiring himself in costly Silks, wearing in his Hat an Indian Pearle, cut out of Ruby red: On either side a golden Arrow thrust through a bleeding heart, to declare his earnest affection. In this manner went he to his beloved Lady, who taking her by the hand, he led her aside into a Gallery near adjoyning, where he began in this manner to express the passion of his love.

Sacred *Dulcippa*, (quoth he) in beauty brighter then glistering Cinthia, when with her beams she beautifies the vale of Heaven, Thou art that Cinthia, that with thy brightness dost light my cloudy thoughts, which have many days been over-cast with stormy showers of love: shine with thy beams of mercy on my mind, and let thy light conduct me from the obscure Labyrinth of love. If tears could speak then should my tongue keep silence: therefore let my sighs be messengers of true Love. And though in words I am not able to deliver the true meaning of my desires: yet *let* my cause beg pitty at your hands; otherwise your denial drowns my soul in a bottomless sea of sorrow: one of these two (most beautious Lady) do I desire, to give life with a cheerful smile, or death with a fatal frown.

Valentine having no sooner ended his lovers Oration, but she with a scarlet countenance returned him this joyful answer:

Most noble Prince, thy words within my heart have knit a Gordian knot, which no earthly wight may unty; for it is knit with faithful love & tears distilling from a constant mind. My heart which never yet was subject to any one, I freely yield up into thy bosom, where it for evermore shall rest, till the fatal Sisters cut our lives asunder.

And in speaking these words they kissed each other, as the first earnest of their loves. With that the Empresse came thorow the Gallery, who espying their secret conference, presently nursed in her secret hate, which she intended to practise against the guiltless Lady, thinking it a scandal to her Sons birth to match in Marriage with one of so base a Parentage: therefore purposing to cross their loves with dismal stratagems and direful tragedies, she departed into her

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Chamber, where ſhe clokt up her treacheries in ſilence, and pondered in her heart how ſhe might end their loves, & finiſh Dulcippas life. In this tragical imagination remained ſhe all that night, hammering in her head a thouſand ſeveral practiſes, But no ſooner was the dewy earth comforted with the hot beams of Apollo's fire but this thirſting Empreſſe aroſe from her dreadful bed, penning her ſelf cloſely within her Chamber, like one that made no conſcience to kill: ſhe in all haſte ſent for a Doctor of Phyſick, not to give Phyſick to reſtore health, but Poyſon for untimely death; who being no ſooner come into her preſence, but preſently ſhe locked the Chamber-door, and with an angry countenance ſtaring him in the face, ſhe breathed this horror into his harmleſs ears.

Doctor, thou knoweſt how often ſecret matters I have uſed thy help, wherein as yet I never ſaw thy faith falſified: but now amongſt the reſt, I am to require thy aid in an earneſt buſineſs ſo ſecret, that if thou doſt but tell it to the whiſpering winds, it is ſufficient to ſpread it through the whole world: whereby my practiſes may be diſcovered and I be made a noted reproach to all hearers.

Madam, what needs all theſe circumſtances, where duty doth command my true obedience? diſtruſt not therefore, gentle Empreſs, to make me privy to your thoughts: but having conjured moſt ſtrongly ſecrecy, ſhe ſpake to him as followeth:

Doctor, the love which I have ſpied of late, betwixt my unnatural Son, and proud Dulcippa, may in ſhort time (as thou knoweſt) bring a ſudden alteration of our ſtate, conſidering that he being born a Prince, & deſcended from a royal race, ſhould match in Marriage with a baſe & ignoble Maiden, daughter but to ſo mean a Gentleman therefore if I ſhould ſuffer this ſecret love to go forward, and ſeek not to prevent it, the Emperour might condemn me of falſhood, & judge me an agent in this unlawful love: which to avoid, I have a practiſe in my head, & in thy hand it lies, to procure thy Princes happineſſe, and Countreys good, Dulcippa's Father (as thou knoweſt) dwells about three miles from my Palace unto whoſe houſe I will this day ſend Dulcippa, about ſuch buſineſſe as I think beſt, where thou ſhalt be appointed, and none but thou to conduct her thither: where is a thick and ſhady Grove, which ſtanderh directly in the mid-way, thou ſhalt give her the cup of death, and ſo free my heart from ſuſpicious thoughts

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This bloody practice being pronounced by the Empresse, caused such a terrour in the Doctors mind, that he trembled forth this sorrowful complaint.

O you immortal powers of Heaven, you guiders of my hapless fortunes, why have you thus ordained me to be the bloody murderer of a chast and vertuous Lady, and the true pattern of sobriety; whose untimely overthrow if I should but once conspire, Diana's Nimphs would turn their wonted natures, and stain their hands with my accursed blood: therefore most glorious Empresse, cease your determination, for my heart will not let my hand commit so foul a villany.

And will you not do it then (replied the Empresse, with a mind fraught with rage and blood:) I do protest (quoth she) by Heavens high Majesty, except thou dost consent to accomplish my intent, thy head shall warrant it is my secrecy. Stand not on terms, my resolute attempts admit impatient of objections.

The Doctor hearing this resolution, and that nothing but Dulcippa's death might satisfie her wrath, he consented to her request, and purposed cunningly to dissemble with the bloody Queen, who believed that he would performe what she so much desired. So departing out of her Chamber, she went to the guiltless Lady, sending her on this fatal Message: who like to a hapless Bellerophon was ready to carry an Embassage of her own death. But in the mean time the Doctor harboured in his breast a world of bitter woes, to think how vilely this vertuous Lady was betrayed, and considering in his mind how that he was forced by constraint to perform this Tragedy; therefore he purposed not to give her a Cup of Poyson but a sleeping drink to cast her into a Trance, which she should as a Cup of death receive, as well to try her constancy, as to rid himself from so hainous a crime.

But now return we to Dulcippa, who being sped of her Message, went with the Doctor walking on the way, where all the talk which they had was of the liberal praise of Prince Valentine, who remained in Court little mistrusting what had happened to his beloved Lady, and she likewise ignorant of the hurt that was pretended against her life: but being both alone together in the Wood, where nothing was heard but chirping Birds, which with their voices seemed to mourn at the Ladies unfortune. But now the Doctor breaking off their former talk, took occasion to speak as followeth:

Man

Man of all other creatures (moſt vertuous Lady) is moſt miſerable: nature hath ordained to every Bird a pleaſant tune to bemoan their miſhaps, the Nightingale doth complain her Rape & loſt virginity within the deſert Groves, the Swan doth likewiſe ſing a doleful tune a while before ſhe dies as if heaven had inſpired her with ſome foreknowledge of things to come. You Madam, now muſt ſing your ſwan-like ſong: for the pretty birds I ſee do droop their hanging heads, and mourn to think that you muſt die, marvel not Madam, the angry Queen will have it ſo. Accurſt am I, being conſtrained to be the bloody inſtrument of ſo tyrannous a fact. Accurſt am I that have ordained that Cup, which muſt by Poiſon ſtanch the thirſt of the bloody Empreſs: and moſt accurſed am I, that cannot withſtand the angry fates, which have appointed me to offer violence unto vertue.

And in ſpeaking theſe words, he delivered the Cup into the Ladies hands: who like a Lamb that was led to the ſlaughter, uſed ſilence for her excuſe. Many times lifted ſhe up her eyes toward the ſacred Throne of Heaven, at laſt breathed forth theſe ſorrowful lamentations.

Never (quoth ſhe) ſhall vertue ſtoop to Vice: Never ſhall Death affright my Soul, nor never poyſon quench that laſting love which my true heart doth bear to Princely *Valentine*, whoſe ſpirit I hope ſhall meet me in the joyful fields of Elizium, to call thoſe Ghoſts that died for faithful love, to bear me witneſs of my faith and Loyalty: And ſo taking the Cup, ſhe ſaid, Come, come thou moſt bleſſed cup wherein is contained that happy drink which gives reſt to troubled minds: and thou moſt bleſſed Wood, bear witneſs that I mix this baneful drink with tears diſtilling from my bleeding heart. Theſe lips of mine which had wont to kiſs Prince *Valentine*, ſhall now moſt willingly kiſs this ground that muſt receive my Corps. The Author of my death I'le bleſs, for ſhe honours me in that I dye for my ſweet *Valentine's* ſake. And now Doctor, to thee (being the inſtrument of this my death) I do bequeath all earthly happineſs, and here-withall I drink to *Valentine's* good fortune.

So drinking off the Potion, ſhe was preſently caſt into a trance; which the poor Lady ſuppoſed death. The Doctor greatly admiring at her vertuous mind, erected her body againſt an aged Oak, where he left

left her sleeping, and with all speed returned to the hateful Queen, and told her that he had performed her Majesties command: who gave him many thanks, & vow'd to requite his secrecy with a large recompence.

But now I speak we again of Prince Valentine, who had intelligence how the only comfort of his heart had ended her life by Poysons violence: for which cause he leaves the Court, and converted his rich Attire into rustful Robes, his costly coloured garments to a homely Russet Coat; and to travelling to the solitary Woods, he vowed to spend the rest of his days in a Shepherds life; his Royal Scepter was turned into a simple Sheep-hook, and all his pleasure was to keep his Sheep from the teeth of the ravenous Wolves.

Three times had glistering *Phœbus* renewed her horned wings, and decked the Elements with her smiling countenance: three months were past, three Moons had likewise run their wonted compass before the Grecian Emperour miss'd his Princely Son, whose want was no sooner bruited through the Court, but he ecchoed forth this sorrow to himself.

What cursed Planet thus indirectly rules my hapless course? or what uncouth Fate hath bereaved me of my Princely Son? Love, send down thy burning Thunder-bolts, and strike them dead that be procurers of his want: but if (sweet *Venus*) he be dead for love hover his Ghost before mine eyes, that he may discover the cause of his affections. But contrariwise, if his life be finished by the fury of some murderous mind, then let my exclamations pierce to the justful Majesty of Heaven, that never sun may shine upon his hated head, which is the cause of my *Valentine's* decay: or the angry Furies may lend me their whips, incessantly to scourge their purple souls, till my sons wrongs be sufficiently revenged.

Thus in such a like frantick humour ran he up and down his Palace, till reason pacified his outragious thoughts, and by perswasion of his Lords he was brought into his quiet Bed. Mean space, Diana the Queen of chastity with a train of beautiful Nymphs by chance came through the Woods where Delicia was left in a trance, in which place ousing the Thickets in pursuit of a wild Hart the Queen of chastity espied the harmless Lady lying against a Tree, and her sweet breath to passe through her closed lips: at whose presence the Queen a while stood wondring at; but at last with her sacred hand,

she

ſhe awaked her, and withal, asked the cauſe of her Traunce, and by what means ſhe came thither: Which poor awaked Lady being amazed both at her ſudden Majeſty, & the ſtrangneſs of her paſſed fortune and diſtreſs, with far fetcht ſighs ſhe related what happened to her in thoſe deſart Woods. The heavenly Goddeſs being moved with pitty with a ſmiling voice cheered her up, and with a Lilly taken from the ground, ſhe wiped the tears from off Dulcippa's tender cheeks, which like a River trickled from her Chriſtial eyes. This being done, Diana with an Angels voice ſpoke unto her as followeth:

Sweet Virgin, far better would it befit thy happy eſtate, having paſt ſo many dangers, to ſpend the remnant of thy life amongſt my train of Nymphs, whereas ſpringeth nothing but chaſtity and purity of life. *Dulcippa*, though in her love both firm and conſtant, yet did ſhe condeſcend to dwell with *Diana's* Nymphs; where now inſtead of parley with Courtly Gallants, ſhe ſingeth Songs, Carols, and Roundelays; inſtead of Pen and Ink wherewith ſhe was wont to write Love-Letters, ſhe exerciſeth her Bow and Arrows to kill the ſwift fat Deer; and her downy Beds are pleaſant Groves, where pretty Lambs do graze.

But now return we again to the raging Emperour, who ſifted out the matter in ſuch ſort that he found the Empreſs guilty of her Sons want, and the Doctor to be the inſtrument of Dulcippa's death: who being deſperate, like one that had utterly detected the cruelty of the Empreſs, would not alledge that he had but ſet the Lady in a Traunce, but openly confeſſed that he had poyſoned her, and for that Fact was willing to offer up his life to ſatisfie the Law; therefore the angry Emperour ſwears, that nothing ſhall ſatisfie his Sons revengement but death; and thereupon commanded the Empreſs to be put in Priſon, and the Doctor likewiſe to be locked in a ſtrong Tower: but yet becauſe ſhe was his lawful Wife, and a Princeſs born, he ſomething thought to mitigate the Law, that if any one within a twelve-month and a day, would come offer himſelf to combat in her cauſe againſt himſelf, which would be the Appealant Champion, ſhe ſhould have life, if not, to be burnt to aſhes, in ſacrifice of his Sons death: all which was performed as the Emperour had commanded.

But now all this while the poor Prince lives alone within the Woods making his complaints to the flocks of Sheep, and waſhing

their Wail with his diſtreſſed tears. His bed whereon his body reſted, was turned into a Sun-burnt bank; his Chair of State, covered with graſs; his Muſick, the whiſtling winds; the Rhetorick, pitiful complaints and moans, wherewith he bewailed his diſtreſſed fortunes and the bitter croſſes of his unhappy love.

The ſolitary place wherein this Prince remained, was not far diſtant from the Grove where Dulcippa led her ſacred life: who by chance in the morning at the Suns uprising, attired in green Veſtments, bearing in her hand a Bow bended, and a Quiver of Arrows hanging at her back, with her hair tyed up in a Willow wreath: In this manner coming to hunt a ſavage Hart, ſhe was ſurpriſed by a bloody Satyre, bent to Rape, who with a bloody mind purſued her: and coming to the ſame place where Valentine led his mourning Lambs, he overtook her, whereat ſhe gave ſuch a terrible ſhriek in the Wood, that ſhe ſtirred up the Shepherds Princely mind to reſcue her: but now when the bloody Satyre beheld a face of Majeſty, ſhrouded in a Shepherds cloathing, immediately he ſculked through the Woods, more ſwift then ever the fearful Deer did run.

But now gentle Reader, here ſtay to read a while, and think upon the happy meeting of theſe Lovers: for ſurely the imagination hereof will lead a golden wit into the Labyrinth of heavenly Joys: but being breathleſs, in avoiding paſſed dangers, they could not ſpeak a word, but with ſtedfaſt eyes, fixed gazing each other in the face: but coming again to their former ſenſes, Valentine broke ſilence with this wavering Speech:

VVhat Heavenly Wight art thou quoth he, which with thy Beauty haſt inſpired me?

I am no Goddeſs, (replied ſhe again) but a Virgin vowed to keep *Diana* company, *Dulcippa* is my name, a Lady ſometime in the *Grecian* Court, whilſt happy Fortune ſmiled; but being croſt in love, here do I vow to ſpend the remnant of my days.

And with that, he catching the word out of her mouth, ſaid:

O ye immortal gods! and is my *Dulcippa* yet alive? I, I, alive I ſee ſhe is; I ſee that ſweet celeſtial beauty in her face, which hath baniſhed deep ſorrow from my heart. And with that kiſſing her, he ſaid: ſee, ſee faireſt of all Fairs that nature ever made, I am thy *Valentine*, that unhappy love, the Prince of *Greece*, the Emperors true

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ſon, who for thy lovely ſake am thus diſguiſed, & for thy love have left the gallant Court for this ſweet and homely Countrey life.

With that, ſhe took him about his manly neck, and breathes many a bitter ſigh into his boſom: and after with weeping tears diſcourſed all her paſſed dangers, as well the cruelty of the Empreſs, as of the vertuous deed of the good Doctor. And having both accounted their paſſed Fortunes, they conſented to travel to the Grecian Court, to ſee if the Deſtinies had tranſformed the State of the Emperour or his Regiment. Thus whilſt Apollo's beams did parch the tender twigs, theſe two Lovers ſate ſtill under the branches of a ſhady Beech, recounting with their joys and pleaſures: and ſitting both thus upon a graſſy Bank, there came by them an aged old man, bearing in his withered hand a Staff to ſtay his benumbed body; whoſe face when Prince Valentine beheld, with a gentle voice ſpoke unto him in this ſort.

Father, God ſave you: How happeneth that you wearied with Age, do travel through the deſert Groves, befitting ſuch as can withſtand the checks of Fortunes fickleneſs? Come, fair old man, ſit down by us, whoſe minds of late were mingled with grief, and croſt with worldly cares.

This good old Hermit hearing the courteous requeſt of the Prince, ſate down by them, and in ſitting down, he ſtumbled forth this ſpeech.

I come, youngman, from yonder City, where the Emperour holds a very heavy Court, and makes exceeding ſorrow for the want of his Eldeſt Son, & for a Lady which is likewiſe abſent: the Empreſs being found guilty of their wants, is kept cloſe Priſoner, and is condemned to be burnt, unleſs within a twelve month and a day, ſhe can get a Champion that will enter Battel in her cauſe: & with her a Doctor is adjudged to ſuffer death. Great is the ſorrow that is there made for this noble Prince, and none but commends his vertue: and withal the deſerved praiſes of the abſent Lady.

Father (replied then the Prince) thou haſt told us tydings full of bitter truth able to enforce an Iron heart to lament; for cruel is the doom, and moſt unnatural the Emperour, to deal ſo hardly with his Queen.

Nay, (quoth the old man) if ſhe be guilty, I cannot pitty her, that will cauſe the ruine of ſo good a Prince: for higher powers muſt give example unto their Subjects.

By-Lady, Father, (quoth the Princely Shepherd) you can well gueſs of matters touching Kings, and be a witneſs of this accident, we will preſently go unto the Court, and ſee what ſhall betide unto this diſtreſſed Queen.

This being ſaid, they left the aged man, and ſo travelled towards the Grecian Court, and by the way theſe Lovers did conſult, that Prince Valentine attired like a Shepherd, ſhould offer himſelf to combat in his Mothers cauſe, and ſo to expreſs the kind love and nature which was lodged in his Princely Breaſt: but being no ſooner arrived in the Court, and ſeeing his Father to take the Combat upon himſelf, preſently he kneeled down, and like an obedient Son diſcovered himſelf, and withal, Dulcippa's ſtrange fortunes: whereupon the Empreſs and the Doctor were preſently delivered, and did both moſt willingly conſent to joyn theſe two lovers in the bands of Marriage, where after they ſpent their days in peace & happineſs.

This pleaſant diſcourſe being ended, which Sir Lancelot had told to the exceeding pleaſure of the greateſt company, but eſpecially of the Red-roſe Knight, who gave many kind thanks. At this time the Winds began to riſe and blow cheerfully, by which they ſailed on their journey from one coaſt to another, till at laſt they arrived upon the Coaſts of Preſter John's Land: where they caſt Anchor unſeen of any of that Countries Inhabitants.

CHAP. VI.

What happened to the *Red-Roſe Knight*, and his Company, in the Court of *Preſter John*; and how the *Red-roſe Knight* ſlew a Dragon with three Tongues, that kept a Golden Tree in the ſame Country; with other attempts that happened.

The next morning by the break of day, the Red-roſe Knight roſe from his Cabin, and went upon the Hatches of the Ship to ſee if he could eſpy ſome Town or City, where they might take harbour, and in looking about, eſpyed a great ſpacious City, in the middle whereof ſtood a moſt ſumptuous Palace, having many high Towers ſtanding in the Air like the Grecian Pyramides, therefore calling Sir Lancelot (with two other Knights) unto him, he requeſted them to go up into the City, and to inquire who was the Governour thereof, ſo arming themſelves (as it was convenient, being ſtrangers in that

Country)

Country) they went up into the City; where they were preſently preſented unto Preſter John, who gave them a Royal entertainment, leading them up into his Palace: and having Intelligence that they were Engliſh-men, and adventurous Travellers, he ſent four of his Knights for the reſt of their company, deſiring them in the Knights behalf to return to the Court, where they ſhould have a friendly welcome, and a Knightly entertainment.

Thus when the Red roſe Knight had underſtood the will of Preſter John by his four Knights, the next evening with his whole company he repaired to the City, which was right noble and fair; and although it was night, yet were the ſtreets as light as though it had been nunday, by the clear reſplendant brightneſs of Torches, Treſſets, and other lights which the Citizens ordained to the entertaining of the Engliſh Knights. The ſtreets through which they paſſed to go to the Kings Palace, were filled with people, as Burgomaſters, Knights, and Gentlemen, with Ladies, and beautiful Damſels, which in comely order ſtood beholding their coming. But when the Red-roſe Knight was entred the Palace, he found the renowned Preſter John ſitting on his Princely Throne, underpropt with Pillars of Jaſper ſtone: who after he had given them an honourable welcome, he took the Red-Roſe Knight by the hand and led him into a large and ſumptuous Hall, the richeſt that ever he had ſeen in all his life: But in going up certain ſtaires, he looked in at a window, and eſpyed fair Anglitora the Kings Daughter, ſporting amongſt other Ladies: which was the faireſt Maid that ever mortal eye beheld: but being entred the Hall, they found the Tables covered with coſtly fare, ready for Supper: when as the Engliſh Knights were ſet at the Kings Table, in company of Preſter John and Anglitora, with other Ladies attending, they fed luſtily: but Anglitora, which was placed right over againſt the Red-Roſe Knight, fed only upon his beauty and Princely behaviour, not being able to withdraw her eyes from his divine excellency: but the renowned Preſter John for his part ſpent away the ſupper-time with many pleaſant conferences touching the Country of England & King Arthur's Princely Court: the report of which fame had ſo often ſounded in his ears. But amongſt all other devices, he told the Engliſh Knights of a Tree of Gold, which now grew in his Realm, and nearly brought forth golden fruit, but he could not injoy the benefit thereof

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by reason of a cruel Dragon that continually kept it: for the conquest of which Golden Arc he had many times solemnly proclaimed through that part of the world, that if any Knight bare attempt to conquer it, and by good fortune bring the adventure to an end, he would have in reward his Daughter the fair Anglitora in Marriage: to which many Knights resorted, as well of forraign Countries, as his own Nation: but none proved so fortunate as to accomplish the wished Conquest, but lost their lives in the same adventure: therefore I fully believe, that if all the Knights in the world were assembled together, yet were they all insufficient to overcome this terrible Dragon.

With that the Red-rose Knight with a bold courage stood up, and protested by the love he bore unto his Countries King, he would perform the enterprise, or lose his life in the attempt: so in this resolution he remained all supper-time, which being ended, the English Knights were brought into divers Chambers: but amongst the rest the Red-rose Knight and Sir Lancelot were lodged near to the fair Anglitora, for there was nothing betwixt their Chambers but a little Gallery, into which being come, and no sooner laid in their Beds, but the Red-rose Knight began to confer with Sir Lancelot in this sort.

What think you (quoth he) of the enterprise I have taken in hand? Is it not a deed of Honour and Renown?

Surely (replied Sir Lancelot) in my judgment it is an enterprise of Death: for every man in this Country adjudgeth you overcome and destroyed, if you once approach but the sight of the Dragon: therefore be advised, and go not to this perillous adventure; for you can obtain nothing thereby but hazard and death: and doubtless they are accounted wise that can shun the misadventures, and keep themselves from danger.

But then (quoth the Red-rose Knight) shall I falsifie my promise? and the promise of a noble mind ought still to be kept: therefore e're I will infringe my Vow I have made, I will be devoured by the terrible Dragon. And in speaking these words they fell asleep.

During which time of their conference, fair Anglitora stood at their Chamber-door, and heard all that had passed betwixt them, and was so surprised with the love of this gentle Red-rose Knight, that by no means she could refrain her affections, & returning to her Chamber,

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casting her self upon her bed, thinking to have slept, but could not, she began to say secretly to her self this sorrowful Lamentation.

Alas mine eyes, what torment is this you have put my heart unto? for I am not the woman I was wont to be, for my heart is fired with a flame of amorous desires, and so subject to the love of the gallant English Knight, the beauty of the world, and the glory of *Christendom*. But fond fool that I am, wherefore do I desire the thing which may not be gotten? for I greatly fear that he is already betrothed to a Lady of his own Country, & furthermore, his mind is garnished with Princely cogitations, that I may not enjoy his love: and he thinketh no more of me than on her that he never saw. But grant that he did set his affection upon me, yet were it to smal purpose, for he resolv'd to advance his life in the conquest of the golden Tree, where he will soon be devoured by the terrible Dragon. Ah what a grief and sorrow will it be to my heart, when I shall hear of his untimely death? for he is the choice of all nature, the Prince of Nobility, and the flower of worship; for I have heard him say, that he had rather dye honourably in accomplishing his Vow, then to return with reproach into *England*: which happy Countrey if these eyes of mine might but once behold, then were my soul possessed with terrestrial joys. Anglitora with these words fell asleep, and so passed the night away till the day came: who no sooner shone with his bright beams against the Palace Walls; but the Red-rose Knight arose from his bed, and armed himself in great courage, ready for the adventure: after he had taken leave of the King, and the rest of his English friends, he departed forth of the City towards the golden Tree, which stood in a valley, two miles from the Kings Palace.

This morning was fair and clear; the Sun cast his resplendant beams upon the earth; at which time the Ladies and Damsels mounted upon the highest Towers in the Palace, and the common people came up to the Battlements and walls of Churches, to behold the adventure of this valiant Knight, who as then went most joyfully on his Journey, till he came to the Vale of the golden Tree, wherein being no sooner entred, but he beheld a most cruel and terrible Dragon come springing out of his hollow Cave. This Dragon was far more bigger than a horse; in length full thirty foot, the which as soon as he was out of his Cave, began to raise his neck, set up his ears, and to

stretch

ſtretch himſelf: Then the Red-roſe Knight drew out his good ſword, and went towards him: the Monſter opened his terrible throat, whereout ſprang three tongues, caſting forth flaming fire in ſuch ſort that it had almoſt burnt him. The firſt blow that the Knight ſtruck hit the Dragon betwixt the eyes ſo furiouſly that he ſtaggered: but being recovered, and feeling himſelf moſt grievouſly hurt, he diſcharged from his throat ſuch abundance of thick ſtinking ſmoak, that it blinded the Knight in ſuch ſort that he ſaw nothing, but yet notwithſtanding he lifted up his Sword, and diſcharged it upon the Dragon, where he imagined his head was; and ſtruck ſo furious a blow, that he cut off his three tongues cloſe by their roots: by which the Dragon endured ſuch marvellous pain, that he turned his body ſo ſuddenly round, that his Tail ſmote the valiant Knight a blow upon his back whereby he fell down upon the Sands: being thus overthrown, he was in mind moſt marvellouſly aſhamed: but after a while, having recovered himſelf, he ran to the Dragon again, & with his good ſword ſmote ſuch a terrible blow upon his tail, that it cut it off in the middle: the which piece was ſeven foot in length. The Dragon came and encountred the Knight in ſuch a faſhion, that he beat him down to the ground, and after he ſtood over him as though he had been dead, but the Knight took his ſword, and underneath him thruſt it up to the Hilt, ſo far, that it pierced his heart: which when the Dragon felt, as ſmitten to death, began to run away with the ſword in his belly, thinking to have hid himſelf in his Cave, but his life departed before he could get thither.

Incontinently, when the Red-roſe Knight had reſted himſelf, and ſaw that the Dragon was dead, he recomforted himſelf, and went and drew out his ſword from his Belly, which was all to be ſtained with his black blood, and after took the Dragons three Tongues, and ſtuck them upon his Sword, and likewiſe pulled a branch from the golden Tree, which he bore in his hand: and ſo in triumph went towards the City; and being come within the ſight thereof, he lifted up the golden branch into the Air as high as he could, that it might glitter in the Sun for the people to behold, (which ſtood upon high Turrets, expecting his coming) who perceiving it, with great admiration began to wonder. Some there were that gathered green Herbs and Flowers, and ſtrowed the way whereas the Knight ſhould paſs to go to the

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Kings Palace, ſaying, That all honour ought to be given to ſo noble and glorious a Conquercur.

Fair Anglitora amongſt all other, was moſt joyfull, when ſhe beheld the glittering brightneſs of the golden branch, and commanded her waiting-Maids to put on their richeſt Attires, to ſolemnize the honour of that excellent Victory.

And to conclude, he was met at the City gate with the melody of Drums and Trumpets, and ſo conducted to the Kings Palace, where he was right honourably entertained of Preſter John and his Nobles: ſurely there is no man ſo eloquent, that can diſcourſe by writing, the great joy that Anglitora took at his return, and generally the whole Inhabitants had thereat exceeding pleaſure.

But now when the valiant Red-roſe Knight had entred the Hall, and had ſet the golden branch upon the Ivory Cupboard, richly furniſhed with coſtly Plate, the Engliſh Knights, and many other Ladies began to dance moſt joyfully, and to ſpend the time in delicious ſports, till ſupper was ready, and then the King and the Red-roſe Knight was ſet, and with them the Noble and Fair Anglitora, Lancelot du Lake, and other Engliſh Knights: where (all ſupper while) there was no other conference holden, but of the valiant encounters of the Red-roſe Knight: who for his part did nothing but make ſecret love-ſigns to fair Anglitora.

What, ſhall I make long circumſtances? The ſupper paſſed; and the hour came that the general company withdrew them into their Chambers; the Red-roſe Knight was conducted to his Lodging by many Noble men and others, which brought the golden branch after him, and ſo bequeathed him for that night to his ſilent reſt. But preſently after the Noblemens departure, Anglitora entered into his chamber, bearing in her hand a Silver Vaſon full of warm perfumed Waters, the which ſhe had provided to waſh the Dragons blood from his body: which when the Red-roſe Knight perceived, and thinking upon the kind love that ſhe proffered him, put of his cloaths, and made himſelf ready to waſh: Fair Anglitora being attired in a white Frock without ſleeves, turned up her Smock above her Elbows, and ſo with her own hands waſhed the body of the Red-roſe Knight.

But now when this gentle Batchelour beheld her lovely body, her fair and round breaſts, the whiteneſs of her fleſh, and that he felt her

hands marvellous soft, he was so much inflamed with the ardent desire of love, that in beholding her beauty, he began to imbrace her, and kissed her many times most courteously: and so after, when he had been well washed, Anglitora caused him to lie in his bed, beholding his well formed limbs, of colour fair, and quick, and could not turn her eyes from his sight. Thus as they were beholding each other without speaking a word, at last the noble Knight spake to her in this sort.

Most dear Lady, you know that by this conquest I have deserved to be your Husband, and you, through kind love, to be my wife: whereby I may say that you are mine, and I am yours, and of our two bodies there is but one: therefore I desire you to seal up the first quittance of our loves: which request is, that we two this night might sleep together, and so accomplish the great pleasure that I have so long wished for. Ah, most noble Knight (answered the fair Lady) what in me lyeth (that may bring you the least motion of content) shall with all willingness be performed; but yet I conjure you by the promise of true Knighthood that you will save mine honour, lest I be made a scandal to my Fathers glory.

There is no man in the world, (quoth he) that shall preserve thine honour more then I: what if you sleep this night with me in bed, do you any more then your duty, in that I am your Husband, and best beloved friend.

My dear Love (replyed she again) there is no pleasure which I will deny you; but for this night you shall have patience; for I will never yield up the pride of my Virginity, till my Father hath given me in Marriage, and therefore I desire you that to morrow you will request that favour at his hands: which being granted and performed, then accomplish your content.

When the Red-rose Knight had understood his Ladies mind, he was content to obey her request. Here slept the Red-rose Knight till the next morning; which at the break of day was presented with a consort of Musick, which the King brought himself into his chamber. Their melody so highly contented his mind, that he threw them a gold Chain, which was wrapped about his wrist. The Musitians being being departed, he arose from his rich bed, and went unto the King, whom he found walking in a pleasant Garden: of whom he required his daughter Anglitora in Marriage, in recompence of his adventure.

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The which request so displeased the King, that all his former courtesies were changed into sudden sorrow, and would by no means consent that Anglitora should be his betrothed Spouse, and answered: that first he would lose his Kingdome before she should be the Wife of a wandring Knight.

The Noble Red rose Knight, when he understood the unkind answer of Prester John, (all abashed) went unto Sir Lancelot, and his other friends, and certified them of all things that had happened: who counselled them that the next morning they should depart.

After this conclusion, they went to the King, and thanked him for the high honour he had graced them with; and after that went and visited their Ship, where for that day they passed their time in pleasure: and so when the night approached, the Red-rose Knight went to the fair Anglitora, and certified her of the unkind answer of her cruel Father: whereat she grew sorrowful, and grieved in mind: but at last better considering with her self, she yielded her fortune fully at his pleasure, promising that for his love she would forsake both Country, Parents, and Friends, and follow him to what place soever he pleased to conduct her. And it is to be supposed, that this night the fair Anglitora took all the richest Jewels which she had, and trussed them in a Fardle, and so when it was a little before day, she came unto the Red-rose Knight and awaked him: who presently made him ready; and so departed secretly, till they came to their Ships: where they found all the rest of the English Knights ready to depart: so when they were all a board, they hoised sail, and departed from the Port. To whose happy journey we will now leave them for a time, and speak of the discontentments of Prester John, who all that night was exceeding sorrowful for the unkind answer which he had given to the Red-rose Knight, and so melancholy and sorrowful, that he could neither sleep nor take any rest: but at the last he concluded with himself, that he would accompany and go and convey the English Knights at their farewel, and departing unto their Ships; to the end that being in other Countries, they might applaud his courtesies used to Strangers.

So in the morning he arose, and went to the chamber where the Red-rose Knight was lodged, whom he found departed contrary to his expectation. After that, he went into his Daughters chamber, where he found nothing but relentless walls, which in vain he might speak

unto: whose absence drove him into such a desperate mind, that he suddenly ran to the Sea Coasts, where he found many of his Citizens that shewed him the Ships wherein the English Knights were, which were at that time from the Port or Haven more then half a mile. Then the King weeping tenderly, demanded of them if they had seen his Daughter Anglitora: to whom the people answered, that they had seen her upon the Ship hatches, in company of the Red-rose Knight. At which the King bitterly lamented, beating his breast, and tearing his milk white hair from his head, that it grieved the beholders

At that time there were many of his Lords present, who by gentle perswasions withdrew him from the Sea Coasts to his Palace, where he many days after lamented the disobedient flight of his daughter.

CHAP. VII.

How *Celia* Queen of the *Fairy Land* was found dead, floating on the Sea: with other things that happened to the English Knights.

MAny days the winds blew cheerfully, in such sort, that the English Ships were within kenning of the Fairy-Land, at which Sir Lancelot took an occasion to speak unto the Red-RoseKnight, and put him in remembrance how he promised Celia to return into her Country: unto which request he answered, and said unto him, that he would keep his promise if the destinies afford him life: and thereupon he commanded the Master-Pilot to make thitherwards: but the Wind not being willing, raised such a tempest on the raging Sea, that the Ship was cast a contrary way, and the Mariners by no means possible could approach the Fairy-Land. At which time the Noble Queen Celia stood by the Sea side upon an high Rock, beholding the English ships as they passed by, as her accustomed and usual manner was, every day standing, expecting her dear Loves return, many times making this bitter lamentation to her self.

Ah gentle *Neptune*, thou god of Seas and Winds, where is my desired love? bring him again unto me, that day & night do weep for his company. Thus she complained at the same instant when her Lovers ship sailed by, for surely she did know it by the Banners and Enlignes which were displayed in the wind: but when the poor Lady perceived the Ship to turn from her, she was sore abashed, and mightily dismayed. Instead of joy, she was forced to weep tears: and in-

inſtead of ſinging, was conſtrained to make ſorrowful complaints. In this manner ſhe abode there all that enſuing night, and cauſed fires and great lights to be made on the ſhore, thinking thereby to call the Red roſe Knight unto her.

This order kept ſhe every day and night for the ſpace of ſix weeks, wailing the want of him, whom ſhe loved more dear than her own heart: but when the ſix weeks were paſt, and the Fairy Queen perceived that ſhe ſhould have no tydings of her love, ſhe went from the Rock (all in deſpair) into her Chamber; where being entred, ſhe cauſed her ſon to be brought unto her, whom ſhe kiſſed many times, for the love ſhe bore unto his Father: and after beholding the little Infant, croſſing her armes, with a ſigh coming from the bottom of her heart, ſhe ſaid: Alas my dear Son, alas thou canſt not ſpeak to demand tydings of thy father, which is the braveſt Knight, the moſt vertuous and moſt valiant in Arms that God ever formed. O where is Nature (ſweet Babe) that ſhould enjoyn thee to weep, & my ſelf more then thee, for the loſs of ſo brave a Prince; whoſe face I never more ſhall ſee. O cruel fortune, my heart hath concluded that I go and caſt my ſelf headlong into the ſea, to the intent, that if the Noble Knight be there buried, I may lie in the ſame Sepulchre and Tomb with him: where, if he be not dead, that the ſame ſea that brought him hither alive to me, may carry me dead to him. And to conclude, before I commit this Murder upon my ſelf, with my blood I will write a Letter, which ſhall be ſewed to my Veſtments or Attire, to this purpoſe and intent, that if ever my body be preſented to the *Red-roſe Knight*, that then this bloody Letter may bear witneſs that I conſtantly harboured in my breaſt True Love towards him, to the laſt hour of my death.

Many Ladies and Damſels were in her company whilſt thus ſhe lamented her Knights abſence: who hearing of her deſperate intended death made exceeding ſorrow. Some there were that ſo mightily grieved that they could not ſpeak one word: other ſome there were that thought to perſwade her from that deſperate intent: but all in vain: for ſhe preſently went from them, and with her own blood writ a Letter, and wrapped it in a Sear-cloth, and then ſowed it to the Veſtures wherein ſhe was cloathed: then taking her Crown, ſhe bound it from her head with a golden Chain which the Red-roſe

Knight

Knight before time had given her. Then when she had done all this, she came to her little Son, and many times kissed him, and so delivered him to the Ladies and Damsels to be nourished: and so after taking leave of them all, she departed towards the Sea, whither being come, she went to the top of the Rock, where, loking up to Heaven, she said:

Thou God of my fortunes, Lord of the winds and seas, thou that broughtest into this Country, the right perfect Knight, in beauty, manhood, and all vertues, grant that when my soul hath made passage out of this world, my body may be intombed in his bosom.

Which words being said, she turned her eyes towards her Palace, and spoke with a loud voice: Adieu my dear Babe, adieu ye glistering Towers, my Royal Palace, adieu Ladies and Damsels, and lastly, adieu to all the world. And so she cast her self into the Sea.

But yet such was her fortune, that the Waves of the Sea bore her dead body the same day to the English Knights Ship; which as then lay in road, where they cast Anchor for to rest that night: and to be short, it so hapned at the same hour when her dead body was cast against the Ship, the Red-rose Knight went up to the Hatches to take the fresh Air: where (loking about) he espied the dead Lady richly attired in cloth of gold, that gorgeously shone in the water, the which he presently caused to be taken up, and brought into the ship: where loking wishly upon her, he knew her perfectly well: and after stoping to kiss her pale lips, he found a bloody Letter which she compiled, wrapt in Scar-cloth: so taking it and reading the contents thereof, his blood began to change, and to war red like the Rose, and presently again as pale as ashes: whereat Sir Lancelot and the other Knights were greatly abashed, but especially Anglitora, who demanded the cause of his grief: whereuntothe Red-rose Knight was not able to answer a word the sorrow of his heart so exceeded: yet he delivered the bloody Letter to Anglitora, the contents thereof are these that follow:

The bloody Letter of Queen *Celia*.

THou bright Star of *Europe*, thou chosen of *England* for prowess & beauty, when wilt thou return to fulfill thy promise made unto her, that many a day has had her eyes planted upon the Seas after thee, shedding more tears in thy absence then the heaven contains stars? Ah my dear love, makest thou no reckoning nor account of thy promise that thou madest to me at thy departure? knowest

thou

thou not that every noble mind is bound to keep his word, upon pain of reproach and ſhame: but thou haſt infringed it, & haſt broken thy Oath of Knight-hood, which no excuſe can recover: for ſince I laſt ſaw thy ſhip floating upon the ſeas, I never came within my Palace, till the writing hereof, nor ever lay in my bed to take my reſt, nor never ſat in judgment on my Countries cauſes: but for the ſpace of forty days I ſtood upon a *Rock* expecting thy return, till Famine conſtrained me to depart: there have I ſtood day & night in rain, and in ſnow, in the cold of the morning, and in the heat of the ſun, in faſting, in prayers, in deſires, in hope, & finally languiſhing in deſpair, and death: where when I could hear no news of thy return, I deſperately caſt my ſelf into the ſea, deſiring the gods that they would bring me alive or dead to thy preſence, to expreſs the true affection that I have ever bore to thy noble perſon: Thus fare thou well. From Thine own true Lover, till we meet in the *Elizian* Fields: Thy unhappy *Celia*, Queen of the *Fairy-land.*

Thus when fair Anglitora had read theſe bloody Lines, ſhe greatly lamented her unhappy death: & withal requeſted the Red-roſe Knight in that ſhe died for his ſake, to bear her body into England, and there moſt honourably to intomb it: to which he moſt willingly conſented. So cauſing her body to be imbalmed, they hoiſed ſail and departed towards England: At whoſe coming the Inhabitants greatly rejoyced, but chiefly the Red-roſe Knight and his company, who at their firſt arrival knæled down upon the earth, and gave God thanks for preſerving them from ſo many Dangers and Perils.

After this, they intombed the body of Celia moſt honourably, as befitted a Princeſs of her calling. This being done, they departed towards Pendragon Caſtle, ſtanding in Wales, whereas then King Arthur kept his Royal Court: where being arrived, they found the King and many other Nobles in a readineſs to give them a Princely welcome: among whom was fair Angellica the Nun of Lincoln, Mother to the Red-roſe Knight: yet kept in ſo ſecret a manner, that neither he nor ſhe had any ſuſpition thereof; but ſpake one to another as meere ſtrangers: The diſcovery of whom is diſcourſed at large in the Second Part of this Hiſtory: as likewiſe the ſtrange Fortune of Celia's little ſon; which the Ladies in the Fairy Land called by the name of Fairy Knight, and by what means he came to be called The World's Triumph: with many other ſtrange accidents, &c.

FINIS.

The

The Second Part of
The Most Famous HISTORY
OF
TOM A LINCOLN,
The RED-ROSE KNIGHT.

Wherein is declared his unfortunate Death, his Lady's disloyalty, his Childrens Honours, and lastly, his Death most strangely Revenged.

CHAP. I.

How *Tom a Lincoln* knew not his Mother till forty years of his age, nor whose son he was: Of King *Arthur*'s Death, and his *Speeches*; and what happened thereupon.

WHen Arthur that Renowned King of England (being one of the Nine Worthies of the World) had by twelve several set Battels, conquered the third part of the Earth, and being wearied with the Exploits & Martial Adventures, in his old days betook himself to a quiet course of life, turning his Warlike Habiliments to Divine Books of celestial Meditations; that as the one had made him famous in this World, so might the other make him blessed in the world to come: Seven years continued quiet thoughts in his breast: Seven years never heard he the sound of delightful Drums: nor in seven years beheld he his three worthy Knights of the Round-Table, flourishing in his Court: by which means his Palace grew disfurnished of those Martial Troops that drew commendations from all forraign Kingdomes. In this time most of those Renowned Champions had yielded their lives to the conquering tyranny of pale death, and in the bowels of the earth lay sleeping their eternal sleeps, the Royal King himself laden with the honour of many years; and having now (according to Nature) the burthen of death lying heavy upon his shoulders, and the stroak lifted up to divide his body from his soul, he called before him all the chiefest of his Court: but especially his own Queen, the Red-rose Knight, and his

his Lady Anglitora, with the fair Angellica the Nun of Lincoln, whom he had ſo many years ſecretly loved: and being at the point to bid a woful farewel to the world, with countenance as Majeſtical as King Priamus of Troy, he ſpake as followeth:

First, to thee my beloved Queen, muſt I utter the ſecrets of my very ſoul, and what wanton eſcapes I have made from my nuptial bed, otherwiſe cannot this my labouring life depart from my fading body in quiet: Long have I lived in the delightful ſin of adultery, and polluted our Marriage Bed with that vile pleaſure: pardon me I beſeech thee, and with that forgiveneſs (which I hope will proceed from thy gentle heart) wash away this long-bred evil, the celeſtial powers have granted me remiſſion: Then turning to Angellica the Nun of Lincoln, he ſaid:

Oh thou my youths delight, thou whoſe love hath bereaved my Queen of ſuch Marriage pleaſure: thou, and but onely thou, have I offended withal: therefore divine Angellica, forgive me: I like a ravither ſpotted thy Virginity, I cropt thy ſweet body of chaſtity: I with flattery won thy heart, and led thee from thy Fathers houſe (that good Earle of London) to feed my wanton deſires: by thee had I a Son, of whom both thou and I take glory of: for in his worthineſs remains the true Image of a Martialiſt, and this Renowned Knight of the Red-roſe is he: He lives, the fruit of our wanton pleaſures, born at Lincoln, and there by a Shepherd brought up; few knowing (till now) his true Parents. Marvel not, dear Son: think not amiſs ſweet Queen: nor thou my lovely Angellica. Be not diſmayed ye honourable States, here attending my dying hour, for as I hope preſently to enter into Elizium Paradiſe, and wear the Crown of delectful glory, I have revealed the long ſecrets of my heart, and truly brought to light thoſe things that the darkneſs of oblivion had covered. Now the Mother knows her Son, & the Son the Mother. Now may this valiant Knight boaſt of his Pedigree, and a quiet content ſatisfie all your doubts. Thus have I ſpoke my mind, and thus quieted, my ſoul bids the world farewell. Adieu, fair Queen; adieu, dear Son, farewel lovely Angellica, Lords and Ladies, adieu unto you all; ye have ſeen my life, ſo now behold my death, as Kings do live, ſo Kings muſt die. Theſe were the laſt of King Arthur's words: and being dead, his death not half ſo amazed the ſtanders by, as the ſtrange Speeches of his life's farewel.

The Queen in a raging jealoulie fretting at her Marriage wrongs protested in her heart to be revenged upon the Nun of Lincoln.

The Nun of Lincoln seeing her wantonnels discovered, took more grief thereat then joy in the finding of her long lost Son; supposing now, that the King being gone, she should be made a scandal in the World.

The Red-rose Knight knowing himself to be begot in wantonnels, and born a Bastard, took small joy in the knowledge of his Mother.

Anglitora (Tom a Lincolns Wife) exceeding all the rest in sorrow, bitterly sobbing to her self, and in heart making great lamentation, in that she had forsaken Father, Mother, Friends, Arquaintance, and Country, all for the love of a Bastard, bred in the Womb of a shameless Strumpet: therefore she purposed to give him the slip; and with her own Son (a young gallant Knight named the Black Knight, in courage like his Father) to travel towards the Kingdom of Prester John, where she first breathed life, and her Father Raigned.

The Red rose Knight conducted his Mother Angellica to a Cloyster in Lincoln, which place she had so often polluted with her shame, there to spend the remnant of her life in repentance; and with her true lamentations, to wash away her black spots of sin, that so grievously stained her soul: who from a pure Virgin made her self a desolate Strumpet.

Likewise King Arthur's widowed Queen, like to ireful Hecuba, or the jealous Juno, kept her chamber for many days, pondering in her mind what revenge she might take upon Angellica her husbands late Favourite.

On the other side Anglitora Lady and Wife to the Red-rose Knight with her Son the Black Knight, made provision for their departure towards the Land of Prester John, where she was born: so upon a night when neither Moon nor Star-light appeared, they secretly departed the Court, only attended on by a Neger or Black-moore; a slave fitting to provide them necessaries, and to carry their Apparel and Jewels after them, whereof they had abundant store: The Black Knight her son, was all fired with the ardent desire he had to see his Grand-father Prester John: therefore without taking leave of his father with a noble spirit conducted his Mother to the Sea-side, where a ship was ready to hoist sail, where, of the Pilots they were most willingly received for Passengers.

In

In this manner paſſed they the Seas, in which Travels we will leave them for a time, and ſpeak of other things pertinent to our ſtory.

CHAP. II.

Of *Tom a Lincolns* ſtrange manner of travelling, his wofull departure from *England*, and of his ſorrowful lamentations for the unkindneſs of his Lady.

When Tom of Lincoln (the Red-roſe Knight) had ſpent ſome two moneths in the company of his Mother at Lincoln, giving her as much comfort as a ſon might, he left her very penitent for her likes amiſs, and returned to the Court, where he left both his Wife and his Son the Black Knight, thinking at his Arrival to find ſo joyful a welcome, and ſo courteous an entertainment, that all the black clouds of diſcontent might be blown over by this happy meeting: but as ill chance had allotted, all things fell out contrary to all expectation; for he neither found Wife, Child, Servant, nor any one to make him anſwer: his Plate and Treaſure was diminiſhed, his Houſe-hold Furniture imbeſelled, and by Thieves violently carried away, he had not ſo much as one Steed left in his Stable, for them the Queen had ſeized on for her uſe: and furthermore (by her Commandment) a Decree was made, that whoſoever in all the Land ſhewed him any duty; or gave him but homely reverence, ſhould loſe their heads; ſhe indeavoured to brand him with ignominy, for ſhe had entituled him, The baſe-born ſeed of Luſt, a Strumpets brat, and the common ſhame of the dead King. This was the malice of King Arthur's widow, and ſurely Queen Juno never thirſted more for the confuſion of Hercules, then ſhe did for Tom a Lincoln's overthrow: But yet this grief (being caſt from a Princeſs favour to a vulgar diſgrace) was but a pleaſure, to the ſorrow he took for the miſs of his Lady and ſon: no news could he hear from them, but that they were fled from the fury of the angry Queen: which was but a vain imagination laid upon the envious time: but far otherwiſe did miſchief ſet in her ſeat, the doting mind of his Lady Anglitora intended to a further reach; which was to abandon his preſence for ever, and to think him as ominous to her ſight, as the killing Cockatrice. The effect of this his Wives ſudden diſlike: ſhe had cauſed (before her departure) to be carved in ſtone over the Chimney of his lodging, how that ſhe deſerved

damnation to leave Father, Friends, and Country, for the disloyal love of a Bastard.

Of all grief to him this was the very spring, the root, the depth, the height: which when he had read, he fell into a swound, and had it not been for two Pages that attended him, he had never recovered: in this agony the veines of his brest sprung out into blood, and all parts of his body sweat with grief, down fell he then upon his knees, and immediately pulled the Ring from his finger which she had given him when they were first betrothed, and washt it with his tears, kissing it a hundred times: and after bound them in a Typpets to his left side, directly where his heart lay, protesting by that God that created him, never to take them thence, till either he found his Lady, or ended his life. He likewise made solemn vow to Heaven, never to cut his hair, never to come to bed, never to wear shoes, never to taste food, but only bread and water, nor ever to take pleasure in humanity till he had eas'd his grief in the presence of his dearest Anglitora, and that her love were reconciled to him.

Being thus strangely resolved, he discharged his Servants and Pages, giving them all the wealth and treasure that he had, and clad himself in tanned sheep-skins, made close unto his body, whereby he seemed rather a naked wild man bred in the wilderness, than a sensible creature brought up by civil conversation. Thus bare-footed and bare-legged, with an Ivory staff in his hand, he set forward to seek his unkind Wife, and unnatural Son, giving this woful farewel to his Native Countrey.

O thou gracious Queen of love, I have been as Loyal a Servant in thy Pleasures as ever was *Hero* to *Leander*, or *Pyramus* to his *Thisbe*. Wherefore then hath madding fury like a tyrannous and cruel Commander taken possession of my *Anglitora*'s heart, & placed infernal conditions, whereas the pure vertues of modest behaviour had wont to be harboured? It cannot be otherwise but the furious and enraged Queen with her unquenchable envy hath driven her hence; and not only of one heart made two, but of two seeks to make none; which is by untimely death, to work both our confusions: therefore proud Queen farewel: let all the furies haunt thee, and may thy Court seem loathsome and hateful to thy sight, as for the torments of hell-fire to a guilty conscience: ungrateful

En-

England likewise adieu to thee for all the honours I have brought into thy Bounds, and with spoils of forraign Countries, made thee the only Prince of Kingdoms, yet thou repayest me with disgrace, and loadest me with more contempt then my never conquered heart can endure. So kissing the ground with his warm lips, that had so long sollered him, and with many a bitter tear and deep sob; like a Pilgrim (as I said before) he took leave of his Native Countrey, and took his journey to the Sea-side; where he heard of his Wife and his Sons departure, after whom (as soon as the wind conveniently serued) he took shipboard: where we will now likewise leave him to his Fortune upon the Sea, and speak of the professed malice the Queen prosecuted against Angellica the Mother of the Red-rose Knight.

CHAP. III.

Of the woful death of *Angellica* Mother to the *Red-rose Knight*, and of the death of the jealous Queen and others.

The beautious Angellica being left by her Son the Red-rose Knight, (at his departure) in a Monastery at Lincoln, there to bewaile her former offences; and for her youths pleasure, in age to taste the bitter sour of sorrow: the day-time she spent in grieved passions, the night she wasted with sighs and heart-breaking sobs; her sleeps were very few, but her comforts less; her continual exercise was with a needle to work in silk, upon the hangings in her chamber, which she kept exceeding clean and handsome: how she was first of all woed, and afterwards won to King Arthur's pleasures, in what manner their meeting were, their amorous and wanton dalliance, his imbraces, her smiles, his Princely gifts, her courteous acceptance, and lastly, the birth of her thrice worthy Son, his bringing up, his honours in the Court, and his strange discovery: all which she had wrought as an arras-work, with silk of divers colours, in a piece of the purest Holland cloth. In doing this, twice had the golden Sun run his circumference about the world, twice had the pleasant Spring beautified the earth with her changeable mantles, twice had nipping winter made the fields barren, and the woods leafe-less, & twice had the year shewed himself to all mankind: in which time of twice twelve months, every day made she a sorrowful complaint for the wrack of honour, and her Virginities love, which so willingly she surrendred

rendred: and in this, so greatly had sorrow and grief changed her, that her eyes (which had wont like twinkling Diamonds to give light to all affections) were now sunk into their cells, and seemed like a hollow Sepulchre newly opened: her face wherein beauty her self dwelt, and her cheeks the true die of the Lilly and the Rose intermixt, now appeared old and withen like to the countenance of Hecuba, when her Husband King Priamus, and her Princely Children were slain at Troy's destruction: and her tresses of hair gold-like, which like to Indian Wyres hung over her shoulders, were now grown more white then thistle down, the sickles of frozen Ice or the white mountain Snow: all their griefs of nature had not age changed, but the inward grief of her careful heart.

But now mark the woful change that happened, even upon the day which by computation she had in former times yielded up her maiden pride, and lost that Jewel that Kingdomes cannot recover: upon that haplesse day, came there a Messenger from the Queen to bid her make preparation for death; which she most willingly accepted of, and took more joy thereat, then to be invited to a Princely Banquet.

Be not dismaid (said the Messenger) for you shall have as honourable a death as ever had Lady; seven several Instruments of death shall be presented to you for a choise, & your own tongue shall give Sentence which of them you will dye by; whereupon this Messenger set this sorrowful Lady at a round Table, directly in the middle of a very large Room, whereunto he led her, hung all about with black: where being placed as to a Banquet, or some solemn dinner of state, there entred some Servitors in disguised shapes like unto Murtherers, with seven several deadly services in Dishes of Silver plate: The first brought in Fire burning in a dish, if she would, to consume her body to ashes: The second brought in a dish of twisted cord to strangle her to death: The third, a dish full of deadly poyson to burst her body withal: The fourth, a sharp edged Razor or Knife to cut her throat The fifth, an Iron Rack, to tear her body into pieces: The sixth, a dish full of Snakes to sting her to death: And the seventh, an impoysoned Garment, being worn, that will consume both flesh and blood. These seven deathful Servitors having set down their dishes (the least whereof brings present death) she was commanded by the Messenger which of them she would chuse to die withal, and to make speedy

choice

choice: for he was sworn to the Queen (on whom he attended) to see it that day accomplished. At these his words she fell upon her knees, and with a courage readier to yield to deaths fury, then to the mercy of the living Queen, said as followeth:

O thou guider of this earthly Globe, thou that gavest my weak nature over to a wanton life, & from a Virgin chast, hast made me an infamous Strumpet; thou that sufferedst only a King in Majesty to prevail against me, and with the power of greatness won me to lewdness, for which I am now doomed to a present death, & forced by violence to bid this tempting world adieu. Inspire me with that happy choice of death, as that my soul may have an easie passage from my body. First, to die by fire to an earthly imagination seems terrible, & far different from nature. Secondly, to die with strangling cord, were base, & more fit for robbers, thieves, & malefactors Thirdly, to die by deadly poyson, were a death for beasts & worms that fed upon the bosom of the earth. Fourthly, to die by cutting knives, and slicing razors, were a death for cattel fowles, & fishes that die for the use of man. Fifthly, by an Iron Rack to end my life were a barbarous death, and against mans nature. But seventhly, to die a lingring death, which is a life consuming by wearing of impoysoned garments (where repentance may still be in company) will I chuse: therefore sweet Messenger of death do thy Office, attire me in those Robes; and the manner of my death I beseech thee make known unto the Queen; tell her (I pray thee) I forgive her, and may my death be a quiet unto her soul, for my life is to her ears, as the fatal sound of Night-ravens, or the maremaids tunes.

Many other words would she have spoken, but that the commanding Messenger (being tied to an hour) caused her to put on the impoysoned Robes, which no sooner came to the warmth of her body, but the good Lady after a few bitter sighs & dreadful gasps, yielded up the Ghost, being (through the extremity of the infectious Garment made like to an Anotomy, which they wrapped in Scarlcloth, and the next day gave her burial according to her state and so returned to the inraged Queen, keeping then her Court in Pendragon Castle in Wales, into whose presence the Messenger was no sooner come, but the angry Queen beyond all measure being desirous to hear of Angellica's death in a rage ran and clasped him about the middle, saying:

Speak

Speak Meſſenger, ſpeak, Is the vile Strumpet dead? Is the ſhame of women-kind tortured? Is my hearts grief by her death baniſhed from my boſom? Speak, for I am over-maſtered with doubts.

Moſt gracious Queen (quoth the Meſſenger) reſolve your ſelf of her death, for the cold earth hath incloſed up her body, but ſo patiently took ſhe her death, that well might it have moved a Tygers heart to remorſe, for in troth my heart relented at the manner of her death. Never went Lamb more gently to ſlaughter, nor ever Turtle Dove more meek then this woful Lady was at the meſſage of her death: for the Elements did ſeem to mourn, cloſing their bright beauties up in black and ſable Curtains, and the very flinty walls (as it were) ſweat of the agony of her death, ſo gently, meekly, and humbly took ſhe her death: commending her ſelf unto your Majeſty, wiſhing that her death might be your ſouls contentment.

And could ſhe be ſo patient (qd the Queen) that ſhe even in death would wiſh happineſs to the cauſers thereof? farewel thou miracle of woman-kind, I have been to thee a ſavage Lioneſs: I was blinded at the report of thy wantonneſs, elſe hadſt thou been now alive, all my cruelty againſt thee I deeply repent, & for thy dear hearts blood by me ſo raſhly ſpilt, it ſhall be ſatisfied with the lives of many ſouls

Hereupon ſhe in a fury commanded the Meſſengers head to be ſtricken off, and the ſeven Servitors to be hanged all at the Court-gate, and afterward cauſed their limbs to be ſet upon high Poles by the common high-way-ſide, as an example of her indignation.

Never after this hour (ſuch is the remorſe of a guilty conſcience) could ſhe ſleep in quiet, but ſtrange viſions of this Lady ſeemed to appear unto her: the leaſt noiſe that ſhe heard whiſpering in the ſilence of the night, did ſhe imagine to be ſome Fury to drag her to hell, for the death of this good Lady: yea, every thing that made noiſe (in her conceit) gave remorſe for revenge: and till that her own life had given ſatisfaction by death for the ruine of ſo ſweet a Ladies life, no food could do her good, no ſleep quiet her brain, no pleaſure content the mind but deſpair with a terrible countenance did evermore attend her, willing her ſometime to throw her ſelf headlong from the top of a Tower, ſometime by Poiſon to end her dayes, ſometime by drowning, ſometime by hanging; ſometime by one thing, ſometime by another: but at laſt in the middle of the night having her heart deeply ore-maſter-

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ed by despair, she took a girdle of pure Arrabian Silk, which girdle she first wore on her Princely Nuptial day, when King Arthur first married her: in this fatal girdle she made a sliding knot, and therewithal upon her Bed-post she hanged her self.

Here will we leave the dead to their quiet rests, and return to the Black Knight, and his Mother Anglitora, with the Indian slave that attends them; for strange be the accidents that hapned to them in forraign Countries: and after we will speak what hapned to the Red-rose Knight upon the Sea.

CHAP. IV.

By what means *Anglitora* became a Curtizan, and how her Son the *Black Knight* lost himself in a Wilderness.

The Black Knight, his Mother Anglitora, and the Black-moore slave, having happily crost the Seas, and arrived in a Country very fertile to see to, being replenished with all kind of trees and fruit, yet were there no Inhabitants to find, but only an old Castle built of Flint-stone, the Turrets whereof were made like the Grecian Pyramides, square, and very high: At this Castle gate they knocked so boldly (each one careless of all accidents that might happen) as it rung into the Chamber where the Knight of the Castle lay: who immediately sent a very low statured Dwarf to see who knocked, and if they were strangers, to direct them up into his Chamber, to take such kind courtesies as the Castle afforded, for indeed he was a Knight of a bountiful condition, and full of liberality.

The Dwarf no sooner coming to the gate, and espying people in such strange disguised attires, never having seen the like before: without speaking one word ran amazedly up to his Master, certifying him that a kind of people of an unknown Nation were arrived, and that they seemed rather Angels (in shape) then any earthly creatures.

The King of the Castle hearing this, came down and met them in a large square Court, paved with Marble stone, where he kindly gave them entertainment.

The three Travellers accepted of his courtesies, and being long before weather-beaten on the Seas, thought themselves from a deep dungeon of calamity, lifted to the top of all pleasure and prosperity; thus from the paved Court, the Knight led them up to his own cham-

ber, wherein was a fire made of Juniper-wood, and Frankinsense, which smelled very sweet: the walls were hung about with rich Tapestry, whereon was writ the story of Troy's destruction, the creation of Mankind, and the fearful description of the latter day of doom: likewise hung upon the same Wall, Instruments of all sorts of Musick, with such variety of other pleasures, as they had never seen the like.

Now while these weary Travellers had took pleasure in beholding these pleasant things, the good Knight caused his Dwarf (which was all the Servants that he kept) to cover the Table made of Cypress-wood, with a fine Damask Table-cloth, and thereon set such delicates as his Castle afforded: which was a piece of a wild Boar, roasted the same morning, with divers other Services of Fowles, whereof the Countrey had plenty: Their Bread was made of Almonds mired with Goats-milk, (for no Corn grew in this soil) Their drink of the wild Grape likewise mingled with Goats-milk, which is in my mind accounted restorative: To this Banquet were the Travellers placed where having good stomachs, they quickly satisfied their hunger, and afterwards began to chat of their adventures, what dangers they endured at Sea, and how luckily they arrived in that countrey, giving the courteous Knight great thanks for his kindness.

On the other side, when the Banquet was ended, every one rising from the Table, he took an Orphirian that hung by, and caused his Dwarf to dance a Measure after the sound thereof; the strings whereof he himself strained with such curiosity, that it moved much delight; especially to the Lady Angliora, whose eyes and ears were as attentive to the melody, as Helena's were to the inchanting Musick of the Grecian Paris. In this kind of pleasure continued they most part of the day, till the bright Sun began greatly to decline: then the Black Knight in a courageous spirit, said:

Sir Knight (for so you seem to be by your entertainment of Strangers) this Carpet-kind of pleasure I like not, it disagrees with my young desires: the hunting of untamed Tygers, the Tilts and Turnaments of Knights, and the battels of renowned warriours, is the glory I delight in: and now considering no other adventurous exercise may be found in this Countrey, but only the hunting of wild beasts: I will into the Forrest, and by manhood fetch some wild Venison for my Mothers Supper.

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The Knight of the Castle (seeing his Resolution) furnished him with a hunting Javelin, and so directed him to the Forrest, where most plenty of such pleasures were: God be his good speed, for we will leave the Black Knight in his exercise, and speak of the wanton affections of Angliora and the Knight of the Castle that they cast upon eacy other: a short tale to make, whereas two hearts make one thought, the bargain is soon made: the Knight of the Castle having not had the presence nor society of a woman in seven years before, grew as wantonly minded as the Roman Tarquinius, when he ravished the chast Lady Lucretia

On the other side, Angliora having the venome of disloyalty, grew so pliable to his desires, that at his pleasure he obtained that love which in former times the Red-rose Knight adventured his life for; she that in former times was accounted the worlds admiration for constancy, was now the very wonder of shame, and the by-word of modest Matrons: this was the first days entrance into their wanton pleasures, which in all dalliance they spent untill the Sun had lost the sight of the earth: then expecting the return of the Black Knight, but all in vain, for having a wild Panther in chase, he followed so far in the unknown Forrest, that he lost himself: all that night travelling to find the way forth, but could not: sleep was to him as meat to a sick man, his steps were numberless, like the stars of heaven, or the Sands of the Sea: his devices for recovery little prevailed. the further he went, the further he was from returning: thus day and night (for many days and nights) spent he in these comfortless travels: no hope cheared his heart, no comfort bore him company, but his patient mind: and now at last, when he saw all means frustrated, he resolved to live and dye in that solitary Forrest: his food he made of the fruits of Trees, his drink of the clear running water, his Bed was no better then a heap of Sun-burn'd Mosse, his Canopies the azure Elements full of twinkling lights, his Curtains a row of thick-branched Trees; the Torches to light him to bed, the Stars of Heaven; the Melody or Musick to bring him asleep, the croaks of Ravens, or the fearful cries of night owles: the clock to tell the houres of the night, were hissing Snakes and Toads crooking in soggy Grass: his morning-cock the chearful Nightingale, or the chirping Lark: his companions on the day were howling wolves, ravening Lions, and the

wrathful Boars: all (as the Fates had decreed) as gentle to him as fellowship, as people of a civil governant: for to say troth, time and necessity had converted him to a man of wild conditions: for his hair was grown long and shaggy, like unto a Satyr; his flesh tanned in the Sun as an Indian; the nails of his fingers were as the talons of Eagles; whereby he could easily climb the highest trees: garments he had not any, for they were worn out; and as willingly was he content with nakedness, as in former times he was with rich habiliments

Thus lived he for seven years in this desolate Forrest, by which time he was almost grown out of the favour of a man: where for a time we will leave him, and proceed to other accidents.

CHAP: V.

How the *Red-rose Knight* found his Lady, and how he was most strangely murthered, and buried in a Dung-hill.

The Black-a moore slave (as you have heard) attended upon them like an obedient Servant, and shewed all duty and love, till Angliton a gave her body to the spoile of lust; from a vertuous Lady converted her self to a hatred Strumpet: which vile course of life when the Indian perceived, he secretly departed the Castle, greatly lamenting the wrongs of his Master the Red-rose Knight, whose noble mind deserved better at her hands; day and night travelled the poor slave towards England, thinking to find his Master there, and to reveal that which he thought hardly would be believed by him; weary and oppress with hunger went he this long journey: many Provinces he passed thorow, before he could learn the way towards England, and then was he so far from it as at the first, when he departed from the Castle. The labouring Husbandman grieved not more to see his Corn and Cattel taken by Thieves, nor the Merchant to hear of his Ships sunk at Sea, then did this Indian at his vain Travels, and wearisome journey to small purpose: so at last setting forward again, he came to the Sea-side, thinking to hear of some Ship to give him passage over; but alas, one crois falls after another, one mischief comes upon the neck of another: so as this true-hearted Meger stood beholding how the billows of the Sea beat against her banks, and the Whale-fishes lay wallowing in the Waves: behold, such a tempest suddenly arose, that by the force thereof the poor slave was cast into the Sea: but by reason of his silken Vail tyed about his middle, and his great

great ſkill in ſwimming (as moſt Negers be perfect therein) kept himſelf from drowning: & as good fortune would, the ſame Tempeſt drove the weather-beaten ſhip to the ſame ſhore, wherein the Red-roſe Knight (his Maſter) was, which ſhip had been ſeven years upon the Sea in great extremity, & before this tide could never ſee Land.

By that time the Tempeſt ended, the ſhip floated to Land, wherein was left but only the Red-roſe Knight in his Pilgrims weed (for all the reſt were ſtarved for want of food) who being weak & feeble, climbed up to the top of the Hatches, where when he had perceived the Neger labouring for life upon the waters, caſt out a long cord, and ſo ſaved him: whom when the Red-roſe Knight ſaw, and perfectly knew, he fell almoſt into a trance for joy ſuppoſing his Lady and Son not to be far diſtant: but recovering his former ſenſes, he ſpake as followeth:

Oh bleſſed *Neptune*, haſt thou vouchſafed to deliver me from the depth of thy bowels, and caſt me on Land, where once again I may behold my fair *Anglitora*, and my dear ſon the *Black Knight*? theſe ſeven years famine indured on the Sea, hath been a ſweet pleaſure to me, in that the end brings me to my deſires. Full threeſcore of my miſerable companions in this ſhip hath death ſeized upon, and through famine hath eaten one another, making their hungry bowels graves for the other carcaſſes: and though now this belly of mine (like the cannibals) hath been glutted with humane fleſh, and this mouth of mine taſted the blood of man: yet am I as pitiful as the tender-hearted Mother, forgetting her Sons offence: and to my *Anglitora* will be as kind, as if neither ſhe had treſpaſſed, nor like the Grecian *Helena* left her married Lord. So taking the Black-amoore by the hand, he demanded of her welfare, and in what eſtate his ſon remained: the true-hearted Neger could hardly ſpeak for grief, or utter one word for tears: yet at the laſt with a woful ſigh he uttered forth theſe heart-killing and woful ſpeeches:

Oh my noble Maſter (quoth he) by you from a *Pagan* I was made a Chriſtian: therefore if I ſhould prove a perjur'd ſlave, and a falſe varlet towards you, my body were worthy to be made food for the hungry fowles of the Air, therefore conſidering that duty binds me to it I will reveal ſuch woful chances, and ſuch diſloyal tricks ſhewed by your Lady, as will make your heart tremble, your Sinews ſhake, and your hair to ſtand upright.

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Anglitora your Lady and wife hath dishonoured your bed, & polluted the sacred chamber of secrecy: that marriage-vow she made in Gods Holy Temple, hath she infringed, and untyed the knot of Nuptial promise: in a Countrey far hence hath she wrought this hateful crime, in a Countrey unpeopled lives she in a Castle which is kept by a Knight of a wanton demeanour; there live they in Adultery, there live they secretly sleeping in wantonness, and there for seven years hath she made her self the child of shame. All this with extream grief do I unfold, and with a heart almost killed with sorrow do I breath out the duty of a Servant. If I have offended, let my death make amends, for what I speak is truly delivered from a heart unfeigned.

All the time of this sorrowful discourse, stood the Red-rose Knight in a bitter agony, like one newly dropt from the clouds, not knowing how to take these discourtesies: one while purposing to be revenged, and with his nails to tear out the Strumpets eyes, another while bewailing her weak nature, that so easily was won to lewdness: but at last taking to him (the vertue) Patience he resolved to travel to the Castle, and with his mark perswasions seek to win her from her wickedness, and to forget, forgive, and cast out of remembrance all these her un-woman-like demeanours, observing the Proverb, That fair means sooner wins a woman then foul.

Thus in company of his true servant the Neger he took his journey toward the Castle; where (after four months travel) they arrived; the Red-rose Knight by the directions of the Neger knocked, and in his Pilgrims habit desired meat and lodging for himself & his guide.

The first that opened the gate, was his own Lady, who immediately upon the sight of them blushed, as though some sudden fear had affrighted her, yet dissembling the colouring her knowledge of them, she in a charitable manner gave them entertainment, and conducted them to a by-room at the backside of the Castle: into which place she sent them (by her Dwarf) victuals from her own Table, with command, that the next morning they should avoid and never more trouble this place. This message sent by the Dwarf much disquieted the Red-rose Knight, and drove such amaze into his mind, that he grew ignorant what to do: And seeing his appointed time very short to remain there, he now thought fit to strike whilst the Iron was hot, and

to

to diſcover what he was: ſo taking the Scarf of Jewels and Rings tyed to his left ſide againſt his heart (which ſhe knew perfectly well to be the gifts of her love) and by the Dwarf ſent them her, the which ſhe no ſooner beheld, but ſhe openly ſaid to the Knight of the Caſtle, that their ſecret affections were diſcovered, and her Husband in habit of a Pilgrim made abode in her houſe, conducted thither by the Mayde to bring their shame to light, to carry her thence to England, there to be puniſhed for her ſins. Hereupon the Knight and ſhe purpoſed the ſame night to rid themſelves of that fear, and by ſome violent death ſend the Pilgrim to his laſt abiding. Diſquietneſs attended on all ſides for that day, and every hour ſeemed ten, till night approached; which at laſt came, though long look't for: Then Anglitora in company of the Knight of the Caſtle like two Murtherers, roſe from their beds even at that hour of the night when miſchiefs are acted, when no noiſe was heard but the barking of Wolves, the howling of Dogs, and the croaking of Night-owles, all aſſiſtants to black Actions: In this manner came they into the Lodging of the Pilgrim, who for wearineſs of his journey moſt ſoundly ſlept, little dreaming that ſuch cruelty could be lodged in the boſom of his wedded wife: one, whoſe love he had firſt gained with great danger, and alwaies eſteemed as dear as his own heart-blood: All ſigns of duty had ſhe obſcured, not any remembrance had ſhe of Woman-hood: Marriage-love was forgotten, their paſſed joys were as things had never been: not any thought of remorſe remained within her; but ſhe more cruel then the new delivered Bear, or the Tyger ſtarved for meat, by the help of the Knight of the Caſtle, took the Scarfe of Jewels (ſent her from him the ſame evening) and by violence thruſt them down the Pilgrims Throat, by which means ſhe bereaved him of life, and without any ſolemnity due to ſo brave a man, they buried him in a Dung-hill without the gate, nor ſhedding ſo much as one Tear for his death: ſo great was the envy of this his ſpightful Lady. The poor Negro they ſet up to the middle in the ground ſo ſurely faſtened, that by any means he could not ſtir from thence, where we will leave him wiſhing for death, the Red roſe Knight, or rather the unhappy Pilgrim in his unchriſtian-like Grave, and the Knight of the Caſtle with the murtherleſs Anglitora, to their ſurfeiting Banquets of ſin, and return to the Black Knight, which had loſt himſelf in the Woods.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

How the *Black Knight* being lost in a Wilderness became a wild man, how his Fathers Ghost appeared unto him, and in what manner he slew his own Mother.

By this time the Black Knight grew so natural a wild man, as though he had born, bred in the Wilderness: for day by day he sported with Lions, Leopards, Tygers, Elephants, Unicorns, and such like kind of beasts; playing as familiarly with them, as in King Arthur's Court he had with gallant gentlemen. But mark how it happened one day above another, he chanced to walk down into a valley, where he sate himself down by a Rivers-side, and in humane complaints bewailed his own estate, how being born and bred of a Princely Race, descended Royally, he should thus consume his days in savage sort amongst wild beasts, and by no means could recover his liberty, or free himself from that solitary Wilderness. Being in this distress of mind, sudden fear assailed him, his heart shivered, his hair stood upright, the Elements seemed to look dim, a terrible tempest tore up huge Trees, the Wild Beasts roared and gathered on an heap together, Birds fell lifeless from the air, the ground, as it were troubled, and a sudden alteration troubled each thing about him: in this amaze sate he a good time, marvelling what should ensue: at last there appeared (as he imagined) the Ghost of his Father newly murdered, with a countenance pale and wan, with hallow eyes (or none at all) gliding up and down before him: casting such fearful frowns, as might make the stoutest heart in the world to tremble: and at last setting himself before the Black Knight, spake as followeth:

Fear not my Son, I am the Ghost of thy murthered Father, returned from *Pluto*'s hollow Region. I came from that burning Kingdom where continually flames an everlasting Furnace. From the fearful Pit come I to thee for Revenge. O thou my son, if ever gentle nature were pliant in thy bosom, if ever thou tookest pleasure to hear thy Fathers honours spoken of, if ever thou desirest to have thy life meritorious in this world, take to thee thy never failing courage, and revenge my death upon thy adulterous Mother: thy mother now living in the filthiness of shame, making the Castle where she now remains in a lustful stew. There was I murthered and there buried in a stinking Dung-hill, no man gave me Funeral

Tears

Tears, nor any ſorrowed for my death. I that have dared death in the face, and purchaſed honour in many Kingdomes, was ſlain by my own Wife *Anglitora*, whom the whole world admired for vertue. Riſe (dear Son) riſe and haſte to that Caſtle polluted with the ſhame of thy wicked mother. By Heaven, and by that great immortal Throne of happineſs, by the low Kingdome of eternal pains, by the huge watery Seas I paſt to follow her, by the Earth and the Souls of all the mortal men that ever died, I command, charge, and conſtrain thee to perſevere in this Revenge. Hence to that foul defamed Caſtle, defamed by Adultery, defamed by murther: there to my ſoul do thy lateſt duty: there wound thy curſed mothers breaſt: there ſacrifice her lifes blood: there appeaſe thy Fathers Ghoſt incenſt with fury: So ſhall my Soul in joy enter into the fields of *Elizium*; but if thou prove Coward like, and through fear deny to execute my glorious Revenge, from henceforth ſhall my pale, wan, lean, and withered Ghoſt, with ghaſtly looks, and fearful ſteps, purſue and follow thee.

Theſe were the words of his Fathers Ghoſt: and having ſpoken theſe words, with a grievous groan, he vaniſhed. At this his ſudden departure the Black Knight cried with a loud & fearful voice, ſaying:

Let me never breath one day longer, nor view the mornings riſing Sun, let me ever live Impriſoned in this Wilderneſs, let nothing proſper that ever I take in hand, & here let the world end, if I ceaſe to proſecute a Mortal Revenge, as the ſoul of my Father hath commanded. Hereupon he ſet forward toward the Caſtle, conducted by what chance the Heavens had allotted him: not one ſtep he knew aright, nor what courſe to take to find the direct way: but it happened that an Ignis Fatuis (as he thought) or a going fire, led him the right way out of the Foreſt, directly to the Caſtle, where his diſhoneſt Mother made her abode. But coming near unto the gates, he found all cloſe, and near unto the Caſtle the Black-a-moore ſet half way quick into the earth, having for want of food eaten moſt part of the Fleſh from his armes: whom the Black Knight ſoon digged up, and kept alive, to be a furtherance to his intended revenge.

The poor Indian being thus happily preſerved from death, revealed all that had happened in the Caſtle, how his Mother lived in adultery, how his Father was murthered, why himſelf was ſet quick in the

Earth; and lastly, for the love of his dead Master, he protested to conduct him through a secret Vault into the Castle, that in the dead of the night they might the easier accomplish their desired revenge: Thus lingring about the Castle till the middle of the night, a time (as they imagined) to be the fittest for their tragical business: at last the midnight-hour came, and through a secret Cell they entred underneath the Castle, into the Lodging where his father was murthered. This is the place (quoth the Neger) where my sad eyes beheld thy father both alive and dead: So going from thence into the Chamber, which by chance, and (as ill luck appointed) was through negligence left open, he shewed him the bed where these Adulterers lay secretly sleeping in each others Arms. Oh doleful sight! (quoth the Black Knight) this lust hath made me fatherless, and e're long this weapon shall make me Motherless: so kneeling down upon his knees, in a whispering manner he said unto himself:

Ye lowring destinies, how weave you the web of their two lives who lived too long? Ye infernal furies, draw neer, assist me thou revengeful God *Nemesis*; for on this sword sits now such a glorious revenge, as being taken, the world will then applaud me for a loving Son. Having spoken these words, he sheathed his sword up to the hilt in the bosom of the Knight of the Castle, who lying in the armes of Anglitora, gave so deadly a groan, that she immediately awaked, first loking to the Knight that was slain in her armes, then perceiving her Son standing with his weapon drawn, yet reaking in the blood of the dead Knight, menacing likewise her death, with a woful shriek she uttered out these words:

O what hast thou done, my cruel Son? thou hast slain the miracle of humanity, and one whom I have chosen to be my hearts Paramour, and thy second Father.

Oh Lady (quoth the *Black Knight*) for Mother is too proud a title for thee: What fury driveth thee to lament the deserved death of that lewd blood-shedder, and not rather chuse with heart-relenting sighs to bewail the death of my father, thy renowned husband, whose guiltless body, even dead, thou didst despise, by burying him inhumanely upon a Durg-hill: but heaven hath granted and earth hath agreed detesting both thy misdeeds, and hath sent me to sacrifice thy blood unto the soul of my murthered Father.

Whilst

Whilſt he was ſpeaking theſe words, Anglitora aroſe from her bed, & in her ſmock ſhe kneeled to her Son, upon her bare knees, ſaying:

Oh thou my dear Son, whom once I nouriſhed in my painful Womb, and fed thee with mine own blood, whom oft I choicely dandled in my armes, when with lullabies and ſweet kiſſes I rocked thee aſleep: O far be it from thee (my loving Son) to harm that breſt, from whom thou firſt receivedſt life: Of thee (my Son) thy mother beggeth life. Oh ſpare the life, that once gave thee life, with bleeding tears I do confeſs my wanton offences. I do confeſs through me thy Father died: then, if confeſſion of faults may merit mercy, pardon my life. Wound not the Womb that foſtred thee, which now I term wicked by only foſtring thee; what child can glut his eyes with gazing on his Parents wounds, and will not faint in beholding them? Hereupon the Black Knight not able to indure to ſuffer his Mothers further intreating leſt pitty and remorſe might mollifie his heart, and ſo grant her life (which to heaven to take away he had deeply ſworn) he cut her off with theſe deadly words:

Lady, I am not made of Flint nor Adamant: in kind regard of calamity, I am almoſt ſtruck with remorſe: but duty muſt quite undo all duty: Kind muſt work againſt kind, all the powers of my body be at mortal ſtrife, and ſeek to confound each other. Love turns to hatred, nature turns to wrath, & duty to revenge: for methinks my fathers blood with a groaning voice, cries to Heaven for revenge. Therefore to appeaſe my fathers angry ſpirit, here ſhalt thou yield up thy deareſt blood. Here was he ready to ſtrike, and with the Sword to finiſh up the Tragedy, but that his grieved ſoul in kind nature plucked back his hand: whereupon with a great ſigh he ſaid:

Oh heavens, how am I grieved in mind? father, forgive me, I cannot kill my Mother And now again, methinks I ſee the pale ſhadow of my Fathers Ghoſt gliding before mine eyes: methinks he ſhews me the manner of his murther, methinks his angry looks threaten me, and tell me, how that my heart is poſſeſt with cowardiſe, and childiſh fear. And in ſpeaking theſe words, with his ſword he ſplit the dear heart of his Mother, from whence the blood as from a guſhing ſpring iſſued. Which when he beheld, ſuch a ſudden conceit of grief entred his mind, conſidering that he had ſlain his own Mother, whom in duty he ought to honour above all living women;

that he rather fell into a frenzie then a melancholy: and so with a pale countenance and ghastly looks, began to talk idely.

What have I done? whom hath my bloody hand murdered? now wo unto my soul, for I am worse then the viperous brood, that eat out their Dams Womb, to get life unto themselves: they do but according to nature, I against all nature: for I have digged up the bosom that first gave me life. Oh wicked wretch, where shall I now hide my head? For I have slain my self in killing her: I have stained this chamber here with humane blood. The Heavens abhor me for this deed, the world condemns me for this murther, and Hell-furies will follow me with shame and terrour. In this frantick sort ran he up and down the chamber, and at last with the nails of his fingers, he fell to grave upon the stone-walls the Picture of his Mother, imitating Pigmalion, hoping to have life breathed into the same. Mean while the poor Indian with fleshless arms heaved up towards Heaven, and on his bare knees made this supplication to the gods, for the Black Knights recovery of his wits.

Oh you angry heavens (quoth he) revoke your heavy dooms, forget this crime, forgive this unnatural murther, pitty the state of this distressed Knight, and send some means to recover his senses. Thus in a zealous manner prayed the poor Neger, desiring God to lay the Knights faults upon his head, and reclaim his unbridled rage: which prayer was soon regarded by heaven, for the Black Knight had immediately his madness turned into a sad melancholy, and in a more gentle manner made his sad lamentations.

But now the Neger (who all the time of Anglitora's murther stood in a Trance) seeing the unchast Lady dead, and the Chamber all besprinkled with blood, said as followeth:

Now (quoth he, betwixt life and death) have you shown your self a dutiful Son, and nobly revenged the death of your Father. These were the last words of the poor Indian, which was then sunk down, and never after breathed. Thereupon came forth the Dwarf of the Castle, with great store of treasure, proffering the same to the Black Knight: who nothing thirsting after covetousness, refused it, & withal took the Dwarf in satisfaction for the Negers death, and crammed the Treasure down his throat, and after buried the two Servants in one Grave.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

How the *Fairy Knight* came to be called *The Worlds Triumph*: Of his arrival in *England*, of the two Knights death, and of the Proverb used in the three Cities of *ENGLAND*.

YOU have read in the First Part of this History, how the Fairy Knight, the Son of Celia, begot by the Red-rose Knight, was committed (by his Mother at her death) to the keeping of the Ladies in the Land: then were there but few men living, being a Country only of women: and now being of lusty age, and a Knight of renowned valour, he betook himself to travel, the only cause whereof was to find his Father, or some of his Kindred, whom he had never seen.

Many were the Countries he passed, but more the dangers he indured, all which for this time we omit, and will only a little speak of three gifts given him by an Hermit, that had three exceeding vertues: For coming to an Island to seek adventures, it was his chance to save a young beautiful Maiden from ravishing by a Satyrical Wild-man: for he having tyed the golden locks of her hair to two knotty brambles, and being ready to take his venerial pleasure upon her, the Fairy Knight coming by, and seeing that dishonour and violence offered to so young a Virgin, with his sword, at one blow paired away the wild-man's head, and so went with the Maiden home to her Fathers house which was an Hermitage some miles distant off: where being no sooner come, but the good old man having a head more white then silver, but a heart more heavy then lead, by reason of the want of his daughter cruelly so taken from him began at her sight to be so cleered that he had not the power for joy to speak in a good space: but at last taking the Fairy Knight by the hand, he led him to an inward Room, where he banqueted him with such cheer as his Hermitage afforded, and after in view of his daughters rescue he gave three such gifts, and of three such vertues as the like seldom had Knight.

The first was a Ring, which whosoever did wear, should never die by Treason. The second a Sword, that on what gare soever it struck, it should presently fly open. The third and last, a Viol of such drink, that whosoever tasted thereof, should presently forget all passed sorrows. Having received these three gifts of the good old Hermit, he departed, and travelled without any adventure, till he came and found the Black Knight asleep upon his Fathers Grave: whom when

the

the Fairy Knight had awaked, in countenance they were so alike, as if nature had made them both one.

But when the Black Knight had revealed his birth and parentage, his Fathers name and place of birth, the Fairy Knight resolved himself that he had found a Brother, as well in nature as condition; but when he heard the story of his Fathers life, and the manner of his death, with the murther of Anglitora his unchast wife, he could not chuse but shed tears, whereupon he took occasion to speak as followeth:

Heavens rest thy sweet soul, my unknown Father, and may the fruit of thee prove as famous in the world as thou hast been, but more fortunate in their Marriage choice: or as my step-mother, though her unchast life have made her infamous to all women-kind, yet this in charity I desire, that when she comes to *Pluto's* Realm, that *Proserpina* may send her to the fields of *Elizium*, in remembrance of whom in this world, if ever we arrive in that noble countrey of *England*, where my Knightly Father was born, we will there erect her a stately Tomb: yet no Epitaph shall shew her disloyal life, but in Letters of beaten Gold shall remain engraven upon her Tomb, the Name of *ANGLITORA, Daughter to Prester John, and Wife to the Red-rose Knight.* Hereupon he gave his new-found Brother the Knight, his Viol of drink which the Hermit had given him; who no sooner had tasted, but all former griefs were forgot.

Hereupon these two Knights departed towards England, and performed many noble deeds of Chivalry by the way. But amongst all others, being in the Turkish Court (this is worthy to be noted) for with one box of the ear the Black Knight killed the Turks Son stark dead, for which cause by treason were their lives conspired, and the following night had their Lodgings entred by twelve of the Turks guard, with an intent to murther them, but by reason of the inchanted Ring, in the which they put both their fingers, the guard of a sudden fell all fast in a trance: hereupon the two Knights departed the great Turkish Court. But no sooner were they out of the City, but a Troop of armed Knights pursued them, and followed them so nerly, that they were forced to enter a Castle that stood by the Sea-side, wherein no creature had abiding. Coming to the gate, the Fairy Kt. with his sword struck thereat, and it presently opened, wherein being no sooner entred, but the armed Knights of the Turkish Nation closed

led them faſt in, and cauſed the gates to be walled up with free-ſtone, & ſo departed. Now were theſe two Knights in more danger of death then ever they had been in all their lives, and ſure they had ſtarved, had not good policy preſerved their lives; for the Caſtle walls were ſo high, that none durſt venture down without great danger. So the two Knights cut off all their hair from their head, which were very long, and therewithal made a long twiſted line or cord, with which they ſlid from the top of the wall to the ground: But this miſchance happened, as the Fairy Knight glided down, the cord broke, & his body took ſuch a violent blow againſt the ground, that it ſtruck the breath quite out of his body, no life by the Black Knight could be perceived, but that his ſoul was for ever divided from his body. This of all miſfortunes was held the extreameſt: therefore in great grief he breathed forth this lamentation: Oh you partial Fates (quoth he) Oh you unjuſt Deſtinies: why have you bereft two lives by wounding one? now let the Sun forbear his wonted light, let heat and cold, let drought and moyſture, let earth and air, let fire and water, be all mingled and confounded together: Let that old confounded Chaos return again, and here let the world end. And now you Heavens, this is my requeſt, that my ſoul may preſently forſake this fleſh: I have no ſoul of mine own, for it is the ſoul of the *Fairy* Knight, for but one ſoul is common to us both: then how can I live, having my ſoul departed, which ſpightful death hath now ſeperated: Oh thou my Knightly brother, though the fates deny to give me life, yet in ſpight of them I'le follow thee.

You Heavens receive this falſe ſoul of my true friend, and let not life and death part us: with Eagles wings will I flie after him, and in Joves celeſtial Throne joyn with him in friendſhip. We two in life were but one, one will, one heart, one mind, one ſoul made us one, one Life kept us both alive, one being dead draws the other unto death: therefore as we lived in love, ſo will we die in love, and in one Grave we may interre both our bodies: how glorious were my death to die with my beloved friend! Now do I loath this life in living alone without my dear Brother: whereupon drawing his Sword from his ſide, he ſaid:

Oh thou woful weapon, even thou ſhalt be the means to rid my ſoul from this priſon of my body: Oh faith unfeigned, Oh hand of

ſacred

sacred friendship; I am resolved both with the force of heart, hand and arm, to give my heart deaths deadly wound: for now my noble *Fairy Knight* this blood I offer up unto thy soul: But being ready with his sword to pierce his own heart, he saw a lively blood spread in his friends face, and those eyes that were so dolefully closed up, began now to look abroad: So the next morning the Wind serv'd well, the Pilots hoised sail, and they merrily floated on the Waters.

Ten weeks had not passed toward the finishing of a year (before they arrived on the Chalky cliffs of England: upon which they had no sooner set footing, but with their warm lips gently kissed the cold earth. This is the Land of promised glory, said the *Fairy Knight*; to find this Land I have indured many miseries, to find this Land I have passed many Countries, and in this Land must I seal up the last quittance of my life, here shall my bones rest, for I am lawfully descended from the loynes of an *English Knight*; peace be in my end, for all my days have been spent in much trouble.

After this, the King which then Raigned, ordained a solemn Justing to be kept in his Court, and held in a great honour for forty days: to which Knightly sports resorted the chiefest flowers of Chivalry from all Countries, as Kings, Princes, Dukes, Earls, Lords and Knights, and for chief Challenger & Champion for the Country, was the Fairy Knight, who for his matchless manhood therein shewn had this Title given him, to be called, The Worlds Triumph.

After this, being desirous to see the City of Lincoln, where the Red-rose Knight was born, he in company of his brother and true friend the Black Knight, & old Sir Lancelot du Lake, rode thither: at whose coming into the City the great Bell (called Tom a Lincoln) was rung an hour, which as then was seldom done to any, except Kings and Renowned Warriours, returning victoriously from bloody Battels.

Here builded they a most sumptuous Minster; and likewise a most stately Tomb in remembrance of their parents, the like as then no place of England afforded.

Thus having left the noble seats of Chivalry, they lived a life zealous and most pleasing to God, erecting many Almes-houses for poor people, giving thereto great wealth and treasure, & when nature had ended their days, they were buried in the same Minster both in one Tomb, with like solemnities: so richly set up with Pillars of gold, that above all it grew the most famous: whereupon since that time was the old Proverb of three Cities grown common to all, in these words, Lincoln is, London was, York shall be. FINIS.